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NEW-YORK TABLET

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

VOL. II. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859. NO. 45.

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THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS;

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XV.

"Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile
And leer upon him for awhile,
She'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick."

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

'Tis necessity
"To which the gods must yield; and I obey,
Till I redeem it by some glorious way."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BUT whilst the Catholic arms were beginning to command fear, if not respect, within the territory of the Pale, how was it with Sir Phelim and the vast multitude who followed his standard? Alas! the flush of conquest which attended his first career had subsided into a dull, cheerless state that was neither life nor death—it was partly struggle and partly the inaction of failing hope. The castles he had won were for the most part still in the hands of his friends, so, too, were the smaller and less important towns, but some of the principal forts had unhappily been retaken by the enemy, and that through no want of bravery or perseverance on the part of the Irish, but because leaders of greater skill than any they then had to boast of were sent from Carrickfergus and other places against them with artillery and other war equipage of which they were wholly destitute. Even powder and other ammunition would have long since failed them had it not been for the supplies which they succeeded in wresting from the enemy. Now when the remaining fortresses were too well garrisoned and supplied with military stores, and the Scotch forces increased by a strong reinforcement under Lord Leven were scattered in large bodies over northern Ulster, there was little chance of continued success for an inexperienced general like Sir Phelim, with a raw, undisciplined host, badly armed and badly accoutred in every way.* In fact, when the first enthusiasm began to die for lack of any substantial encouragement, and obstacles, not at first foreseen, began to arise and went on increasing in magnitude from day to day, the very numbers of Sir Phelim's forces became an incumbrance of which he knew not well how to dispose, for with abundance of animal courage, and the most sincere devotion to the cause, he was unhappily wanting in those other qualities which constitute an able general. He was, moreover, too much under the control of passion to acquire much influence over others, or command that respect to which his position entitled him. Many of his associates in command were repelled by his harsh, overbearing demeanor, and mortified by seeing the boyish gusts of passion to which, on the slightest provocation, he gave way. With heavy hearts they acknowledged to each other that with such a leader there was little prospect of success, especially as no succor was coming from abroad, and no solid lasting advantage had been gained at home after the first weeks of the rebellion.

Newry, so early taken by the impetuous valor of Magennis, was retaken by Scotch troops under Lord Conway, after being but a few weeks in possession of the Irish. Other cities which yet remained in their hands were expected to share the same fate as soon as a reasonable force presented itself with proper provision for a siege.

Yet still Sir Phelim fought on, wherever fighting was to be done, his temper, as may well be imagined, no way improved by the discouraging aspect of his present affairs, but his courage and activity, if possible, increased by the reverses he had lately encountered. The clouds were gathering darkly around him, and no gleam of hope illumined his soul—no aid came from abroad, no sign of life amongst the noble or wealthy of the land at home, yet stout Sir Phelim was undismayed, and bravely holding his head above the surging waves, resolved by a bold effort to recover the ground he had lost, and with it the prestige of success so necessary to revive the drooping spirits of his followers.

"We will march eastward and besiege Drogheda," said Sir Phelim to his friend Magennis, as they strode to and fro together in the winter twilight in the neighborhood of the camp. "We must do something, Con, it may go hard with us, an' we rest longer on our oars."

The gallant chieftain of Iveagh was never the man to throw obstacles in the way of a bold attempt promising any degree or chance of success, and, moreover, he had been for several days urging upon his impracticable leader the necessity of pushing the war beyond their own borders. He was, therefore, well pleased with this proposal, the full merit of which, however, he was content to leave with Sir Phelim as a healing unction for his wounded vanity. A council of the principal officers was immediately summoned, and the siege of Drogheda being proposed, met with their entire approbation. As "the key of the north," and commanding the Boyne, the old town was, in itself, valuable as a military port, and as being directly on the road to Dublin, and within less than half a day's march of the capital, it became of the last importance to secure it.

The success at Juliens-town and the capture of Lord Moore's house at Mellifont—both localities in the immediate neighborhood of Drogheda—had contributed to inspire Sir Phelim with what seemed otherwise an over-bold design, considering the pusillanimous neutrality, to say the least of it, observed by the Lords of the Pale. The country around Drogheda was all in their hands—there was no reason to hope for sympathy, much less actual assistance from them, and, as the chiefs bitterly said amongst themselves, it was a good prospect for the Catholic army of Ulster to have probably to fight its way through the domains of the Catholic nobles of Leinster.

It *was* hard to see those degenerate Normans, if not openly arrayed against the defenders of their faith, at least disposed to stand aloof with folded arms while the tyrannical power of the government was brought to bear upon them, unaided and alone as they were left to oppose it with the scanty means at their command. Where, alas! was the boasted chivalry, the lofty spirit of the old Norman knights who were wont to style themselves the champions of the faith—they whose magnificent foundations of piety still covered the soil of Ireland—they who had done such great things for the *Church* of Ireland, in atonement for their oppression and spoliation of its native tribes? Had the sons of the Fitzgeralds, the Plunkets, the Cusacks and the Dillons, the Burkes and the Butlers, all lapsed from the faith which their fathers loved, and fallen so low as to worship at the shrines of Moloch and Mammon with the other creatures of the government? There were moments when the high-souled Catholics of Ulster could believe even that of them, from the tales which constantly reached them concerning their base truckling to the powers that were. It might be that they did them injustice, but of that there seemed little probability.

It was just when the northern chieftains had given up all hope of any patriotic movement, or friendly co-operation on the part of the Palesmen, that a bleak December day found a gallant show of lords and gentlemen of high degree with a numerous train of their respective followers assembled on the hill of Crofty, in the fair county of Meath. The rounded crest of the gently-swelling eminence commanded a view far and wide over plains extending into the adjoining counties of Louth and Cavan, and ever as the chief men of this assembly rode to and fro on their elevated platform, they cast many an anxious, scrutinizing glance into the far distance on every side as though expectation were becoming tedious. The while they conversed amongst themselves with the gravity of men engaged, or about to engage, in some affair of great moment. Yet, considering the troubled aspect of the times, the whole array, although imposing, was wonderfully void of martial show. Neither banners nor music were there, nor weapon of any kind, and even the numerous company of men in attendance were characterized by the same staid and sober gravity which marked the demeanor of their lords. The calm patience, too, with which all waited, hour after hour—whatever their purpose might be—was worthy of admiration, and sufficiently denoted, were there no other mark of distinction, that it was not the hot Milesian blood of the natives which flowed in their veins.

As the midday hours wore on, the stillness was broken from time to time by the arrival of some lord or gentleman, with his band of retainers, when a grave salute being exchanged, and perhaps some brief inquiries between friends or acquaintance, the new comers took their station according to their respective grades, and like water broken by some falling pebble, the ripple presently subsided and all was still again. The scene was impressive as well from the high bearing of the chiefs as the vast number and respectable appearance of their followers.

After some hours had thus passed, a stir was visible amongst the anxious watchers on the hill, and a murmur of "They come! they come!" was heard passing through the crowd below. Presently the sound of martial music came floating on the breeze—near and nearer it came—and more distinct, then approaching the hill from the northward was seen a gallant band of soldiermen arrayed in the picturesque costume of the native troops, with many-colored woollen scarfs of ample dimensions wrapping their brawny shoulders, their lower limbs encased in *truis* and buskins, and on their heads the graceful hanging cap traditionally dear to the Celts of Ireland. A banner they had, too, a gay, green banner, with the royal sunburst emblazoned on one side and Ireland's harp flaunting on the other. With a light, quick step and a buoyant mien they marched up the slope, those bold borderers from the Irish country, and the younger gentlemen on the hill catching, as it were, a gleam of their bright and hopeful spirit, gave vent to sundry exclamations of pleasure and glad surprise as they rode to the front to watch the approaching cavalcade.

"By my faith," cried Sir John Netterville, for he, with his father, was of the expectant party; "by my faith and honor, these be men to stand by one's side in tented field—ha, there I see my old friend Roger—why, man"—he called out at his topmost voice, as O'Moore, with some four or five other gentlemen, all in military costume, detached themselves from their company and rode up the hill—"why, man, you must count largely on our patience, for I swear we have been here—some of us at least—

* Lord Ormond, writing to the King about this time, makes the following remarks: "The rebels are in great numbers, for the most part very meanly armed with such weapons as would rather show them to be a tumultuary rabble than anything like an army." See Carte's *Ormond*.

since morning hours. Well for you that it is your own body and bones we see, or belike trouble might come of this delay!"

O'Moore apologized in his usual brief yet forcible manner for a delay wholly unintentional on his part or that of his friends, whom he severally introduced to the crowd of Norman lords and gentlemen as Colonels McMahon, O'Byrne, Plunket, the O'Reilly of Breffny, and Captain Fox. These officers, arrayed in a costume half Irish, half Spanish, presented a remarkable contrast to the soberly-attired gentlemen of the Pale in their black broadcloth cassocks, broadly edged with plush, and loose, long riding-cloaks, all of the same, or some other almost equally sombre hue. Their broad-leaved hats, too, were more akin to those worn by the Puritans than any other head-gear of that age, so that, what with the cold reserve of their manner and the cheerless character of their personal attire, these proud Normans of the Pale were to all appearance the very opposite of the gay, light-hearted, soldierly men who came there to represent the native Irish.

On the part of the Palesmen, seven of their chief nobles rode forward to treat with O'Moore and his friends. There was Gormanstown who, as Governor of the County, had drawn this assembly together by his warrant; Fingal, the premier peer of the Pale; Louth, Trimbleston, Slaney, Netterville, and the gallant son of the latter. There was one wanting of the seven great lords—Plunket of Dunsany was far away the tenant of a vault in Dublin Castle, but though absent he was not forgotten, the thought of his wrongs, and the outrage committed on their order in his person, rankled in the hearts of his peers, and had, doubtless, contributed no little to bring about that remarkable conference.

When the parties had come within speaking distance, Lord Gormanstown, on a sign from Lord Fingal, moved to the front, a little in advance of the others, and O'Moore instantly following his example, the chieftain of Leix and the Norman peer were brought within a few feet of each other in sight of their respective friends and followers. Then Gormanstown, with a grave and formal bow,—to which O'Moore responded by raising his plumed hat with that winning grace peculiar to himself,—thus addressed the Irish chieftain:

"As the *custos rotulorum* of this county of Meath, Mr. O'Moore, I desire to know wherefore it is that certain of your Irish troops have of late trespassed on this our territory of the Pale, which as loyal subjects we are bound to keep and to hold intact for our lord the king—further, I would know, most worthy sir, why you with your company appear in arms at this present, I and mine being here assembled with peaceful intent and no other?"

"As regards your first question, my lord of Gormanstown," O'Moore replied with dignified composure, "we would have it known of all men that in taking up arms and calling on all true Catholics to aid us, we have but two undoubted objects in view, namely, the defence of our holy faith, unjustly and most cruelly proscribed, the vindication of our rights as citizens, and furthermore, the assertion of our sovereign lord the king his righteous prerogative, traitorously assailed by certain of his rebellious lieges. These, my lord, be our ends in waging this war."

"As a Christian and a man of honor," said Gormanstown with impressive earnestness, "I ask you, Mr. Roger O'Moore, if these be the sole ends and objects which you have in view—behind these are there no narrower and more selfish objects, less worthy the appeal to arms?"

"As God liveth," said O'Moore solemnly, and he raised his right arm towards heaven, "as God liveth, my lord, I have specified truly unto you the grounds of our quarrel with the present government of this country—false and double-dealing men as we hold them to be, and traitors to the king their master as they are to God and to us over whom they are appointed to rule in justice and in all righteousness. The God of all truth who hears my words, knows whether I speak according to truth this day!"

After a short consultation with the principal lords and gentlemen of his company, Lord Gormanstown advanced again to O'Moore, and extending his mailed hand which the chieftain, it may be presumed, was not slow to take, he said slowly and distinctly:

"If that be so, Mr. O'Moore, we of the Pale will join heart and hand in your loyal and commendable efforts on behalf of God and the king's majesty."

This announcement, made with the calm precision and the dignified composure so characteristic of the speaker, yet without the slightest tinge of arrogance or affected condescension, was instantly communicated by O'Moore's companions to their anxious followers at the base of the hill, while Rory himself hastened to express in a few appropriate and well chosen words the pleasure he received from, and the importance he attached to, this formal adhesion.

O'Byrne, less accustomed to control his feelings, and, perhaps, not quite so conversant with the etiquette of the day, rode eagerly forward and shook Lord Gormanstown warmly by the hand, while his whole face glowed with joyful animation.

"By St. Kevin!" he cried, "your words are right welcome to our ears, my lord of Gormanstown. Heretofore, we have been fighting the battle single-handed, as one may say, but that could only last awhile, do our best—and surely it will nerve our arms with new strength when Clan-Saxon of the Pale arises in its might to strike with us for homes and altars!"

"It was high time they should," said McMahon quickly, "an' they held back much longer all the water in Lough Erne would not wash out their disgrace. I give you joy, Lord Gormanstown, for that you and these other noble gentlemen have taken it in head to retrieve your character in the eyes of Catholic Europe ere yet it be too late."

However nettled the Palesmen might have been by this characteristic allusion to their tardiness, they were not the men to give way to unseemly ire, especially where they knew that no actual insult was meant. A general introduction immediately took place, and after some brief inquiries from those of the Pale as to the present prospects and intentions of their new allies, Lord Gormanstown requested the High Sheriff, who was present, to convene another and larger meeting for that day week, to be held on the hill of Tara.

"The place is favorable to our purpose," said his lordship aside to O'Moore and the other Irish chieftains. "It is central for us of the Pale counties, and as the seat of the ancient royalty of this kingdom it must needs be dear to you of the Milesian race, who will, I doubt not, deem it a fitting spot for the solemn consummation of our alliance!"

This graceful compliment to the national traditions of an unkinged people was both understood and appreciated by the chieftains of the old race, and when, the auspicious conference being closed, the parties separated to retrace their respective ways homeward, the friendly farewell clasp exchanged between the Irish chiefs and the Norman nobles was accompanied by a hearty cheer from their followers on either side, those amongst them who stood high enough on the sloping sides of the hill to have a view of what passed, telegraphing their friends and fellows who were not so fortunate.

While this auspicious alliance was being formed between the Catholic English of the Pale and the old Irish, as they were called, the national cause was rapidly gaining ground in other parts of the kingdom. The Kavanaghs of Carlow, with the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles of Wicklow, had marshalled their clans and raised their standards for God and the right. But the faithful tribes of Wicklow had already paid dear for their patriotic efforts to aid their brethren in the north. Sir Charles Coote, with his sanguinary bands, recalled from Meath for the express purpose, was sent amongst them, armed with plenary authority to burn, harry, and massacre all before him.

The Castle of Wicklow being closely besieged by the O'Byrnes, Coote was ordered to relieve its garrison, which he did with that wanton slaughter of the besiegers with which no other general would disgrace his arms. Being once in possession of the fortress, he took occasion to make daily excursions amongst the natives of the town and its vicinity, just by way, he jocularly said, of making their acquaintance. The nature of these visits may be easily understood, and *were* so well understood by the surrounding population that the gates of the old Castle were no sooner heard to turn on their hinges than mothers fled with their young children to the recesses of the neighboring mountains, while the men, with stern and desperate resolution, seized whatever weapons they could find, and, drawing together for mutual defence, awaited in silence the descent of Coote's murderous troops from the Castle. Scenes of horror were enacted on these occasions, the recital of which makes the blood run cold.

In Coote's first descent upon the town, the inhabitants taken by surprise, were wholly unprepared for the humorous pranks wherewith the soldiers under his command, and under his eyes, amused themselves. Babes were torn from the arms of their shrieking mothers and tossed on the points of spears or bayonets from one to another of the soldiers, amid shouts of laughter and yells of delight. And Coote himself stood by, enjoying the rare sport, and commending the dexterity of their performances.* How females were used in these pastimes, it becomes not us to tell, but in very many cases, they were ripped open by way of winding up. This, however, was not suffered to be of frequent occurrence, for, as I have said, after the first or second visit of these barbarians the women and children took refuge in the caves and fastnesses of the mountains on the least intimation of their approach. Even there they did not always escape, for, on one occasion, some of the soldiers having learned where a party of the helpless fugitives were concealed, swore with hellish glee that they would smoke them out. To work they went, made a fire of brushwood at the mouth of the cave, and then placing themselves in silence round with bayonets screwed on their muskets, they coolly awaited the result of their pleasant frolic.

They had not to wait long, for no sooner had the thick smoke penetrated to the interior of the cavern than groans and choaking cries were heard, at first in the feeble voices of children, then came the half-suppressed shrieks of women, and a chorus of fiendish laughter burst from the savage listeners without. Presently the sounds from within were heard to approach the aperture, and through the flickering flames were seen fearful-looking female forms, some with infants in their arms, all blackened and begrimed with smoke, attempting to make their way through the fire. At this sight, compassion moved the heart of one of the officers, and seeing the soldiers thrusting the unhappy creatures back into the fatal cave with their bayonets, he sternly rebuked them, and made an effort himself to have the fire extinguished. Alas! he himself was reprimanded by his fierce superior from behind in a voice of thunder, and ordered immediately to his quarters.

Captain Jameson bowed and walked away, well pleased at heart to escape from such a scene. That was the last time he ever went out with Coote, for next day he sent in his resignation and retired from the army in disgust.

Before the gallant band of soldiers quitted that mountain-glen, they made sure that no human being remained alive in the cave, for they drove the fire farther and farther into its mouth, until at last the groans, and cries, and piteous moans, all died away, and the silence which followed assured them that their work was finished.

* Unfortunately these Wicklow horrors are matter of history—even Protestant writers admit that Sir Charles Coote exercised all manner of cruelty amongst the Wicklow tribes.

(To be continued.)

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A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE EMANCIPATION OF THE CATHOLICS.

By Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.P.

BOOK II.

NORWEGIAN AND DANISH WARS.

CHAPTER VI.

BRIAN, ARD-RIGH (A.D. 1002 TO A.D. 1014)—BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

By the deposition of Malachy II., and the transfer of supreme power to the long-excluded line of Heber, Brian completed the revolution which Time had wrought in the ancient Celtic constitution. He threw open the sovereignty to every great family as a prize to be won by policy or force, and no longer an inheritance to be determined by usage and law. The consequences were what might have been expected. After his death the O'Conors of the west competed with both O'Neills and O'Briens for supremacy, and a cronic civil war prepared the path for Strongbow and the Normans. The term "Kings with Opposition" is applied to nearly all who reigned between Brian's time and Roderick O'Conor's, meaning, thereby, kings who were unable to secure general obedience to their administration of affairs.

During the remainder of his life, Brian wielded with accustomed vigor the supreme power. The Hy-Nials were, of course, his chief difficulty. In the year 1002, we find him at Ballysadare, in Sligo, challenging their obedience; in 1004, we find him at Armagh "offering twenty ounces of gold on Patrick's altar," staying a week there, and receiving hostages; in 1005, he marched through Connaught, crossed the river Erne at Ballyshannon, proceeded through Tyrconnell and Tyrowen, crossed the Bann into Antrim, and returned through Down and Dundalk, "about Lammas," to Tara. In this and the two succeeding years, by taking similar "circuits," he subdued Ulster, without any pitched battle, and caused his authority to be feared and obeyed nearly as much at the Giant's Causeway as at the bridge of Athlone. In his own house of Kinkora, Brien entertained at Christmas "3,000 guests," including the Danish lords of Dublin and Man, the fugitive Earl of Kent, the young King of Scots, certain Welsh Princes, and those of Munster, Ulster, Leinster and Connaught, beside his hostages. At the same time Malachy, with the shadow of independence, kept his unfrequented court in West-Meath, amusing himself with wine and chess and the taming of unmanageable horses, in which last pursuit, after his abdication, we hear of his breaking a limb. To support the hospitalities of Kinkora, the tributes of every province were rendered in kind at his gate, on the first day of November. Connaught sent 800 cows and 800 hogs; Ulster alone 500 cows, and as many hogs, and "sixty loads of iron;" Leinster 300 bullocks, 300 hogs, and 300 loads of iron; Ossory, Desmond, and the smaller territories, in proportion; the Danes of Dublin 150 pipes of wine, and the Danes of Limerick 365 of red wine. The Dalcassians, his own people, were exempt from all tribute and taxation—while the rest of Ireland was thus catering for Kinkora.

The lyric Poets, in their nature courtiers and given to enjoyment, flocked, of course, to this bountiful palace. The harp was seldom silent night or day, the strains of panegyric were as prodigal and incessant as the falling of the Shannon over Killaloe. Among these eulogiums none is better known than that beautiful allegory of the poet McLaig, who says that "a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, might perform unmolested a journey on foot through the Island, carrying a straight wand, on the top of which might be a ring of great value." The name of Brian was thus celebrated as in itself a sufficient protection of life, honor, and property, in every corner of the Island. Not only the Poets, but the more exact and simple Annalists applaud Brian's administration of the laws, and his personal equity. He labored hard to restore the Christian civilization, so much defaced by two centuries of Pagan warfare. To facilitate the execution of contracts he enacted the general use of surnames, obliging the clans to take the name of a common ancestor, with the addition of "Mac," or "O"—words which signify "of," or "son of," a forefather. Thus, the Northern Hy-Nials, divided into O'Neils, O'Donnells, McLaughlins, &c.; the Sil-Murray took the name of O'Conor, and Brian's own posterity became known as O'Briens. To justice he added munificence, and of this the Churches and Schools of the entire Island were the recipients. Many a desolate shrine he adorned, many a bleak chancel he hung with lamps, many a long silent tower had its bells restored. Monasteries were rebuilt, and the praise of God was kept up perpetually by a devoted brotherhood. Roads and bridges were repaired, and several strong stone fortresses were erected, to command the passes of lakes and rivers. The vulnerable points along the Shannon, and the Suir, and the lakes, as far north as the Foyle, were secured by forts, of clay and stone. Thirteen "royal houses" in Munster alone are said to have been by him restored to their original uses. What increases our respect for the wisdom and energy thus displayed, is, the fact, that the author of so many improvements, enjoyed but five short years of peace, after his accession to the Monarchy. His administrative genius must have been great when, after a long life of warfare, he could apply himself to so many works of internal improvement and protection.

In the five years of peace just spoken of (from 1005 to 1010), Brian lost by death his second wife, a son called Donald, and his brother Marcan, called in the annals "head of the clergy of Munster;" Hugh, the son of Mahon, also died about the same period. His favorite son and heir, Morrogh, was left, and Morrogh had, at this time, several children. Other sons and daughters were also left him, by each of his three wives, so that there was

every prospect that the posterity for whom he had so long sought the sovereignty of Ireland, would continue to possess it, for countless generations. But God disposes of what man only proposes!

The Northmen had never yet abandoned any soil on which they had once set foot, and the policy of conciliation which the veteran King adopted in his old age, was not likely to disarm men of their stamp. Every intelligence of the achievements of their race in other realms stimulated them to new exertions and shamed them out of peaceful submission. Rollo and his successors had, within Brian's lifetime, founded in France the great dukedom of Normandy; while Sweyn had swept irresistibly over England and Wales, and prepared the way for a Danish dynasty. Pride and shame alike appealed to their warlike compatriots not to allow the fertile Hibernia to slip from their grasp, and the great age of its long-dreaded king seemed to promise them an easier victory than heretofore was possible. In 1012 we find Brian at Lough Foyle repelling a new Danish invasion, and giving "freedom to Patrick's Churches;" the same year, an army under Morrogh and another under Malachy was similarly engaged in Leinster and Meath; the former carrying his arms to Kilmainham, on the south side of Dublin, the other to Howth, on the north; in this year also "the Gentiles," or Pagan Northmen, made a descent on Cork, and burned the city, but were driven off by the neighboring chiefs.

The great event, however, of the long war which had now been waged for full two hundred years between the men of Erin and the men of Scandinavia, approaching what may fairly be called the last field day of Christianity and Paganism on Irish soil, was near at hand. A taunt thrown out over a game of chess, at Kinkora, is said to have hastened this memorable day. Maelmurra, Prince of Leinster, playing or advising on the game, made, or recommended, a false move, upon which Morrogh, son of Brian, observed, it was no wonder his friends, the Danes, (to whom he owed his elevation,) were beaten at Glen-Mama, if he gave them advice like that. Maelmurra, highly incensed by this allusion—all the more severe for its bitter truth—arose, ordered his horse, and rode away in haste. Brian, when he heard it, despatched a messenger after the indignant guest, begging him to return, but Maelmurra was not to be pacified, and refused. We next hear of him as concerting with certain Danish agents, always open to such negotiations, those measures which led to the great invasion of the year 1014, in which the whole external race, from Anglesea and Man, north to Norway, bore an active share.

These agents passing over to England and Man, among the Scottish isles and even to the Baltic, followed up the design of an invasion on a gigantic scale. Suibne, Prince of Man, entered warmly into the conspiracy, and sent "the war arrow" through all those "out-islands" which obeyed him as Lord. A far more formidable potentate, Sigurd, of the Orkneys, next joined the league. He was the fourteenth Earl of Orkney of Norse origin, and his power was, at this period, a balance to that of his nearest neighbor, the King of Scots. He had ruled since the year 996, not only over the Orkneys, Shetland, and Northern Hebrides, but the coasts of Caithness and Sutherland, and even Ross and Moray rendered him homage and tribute. Eight years before the battle of Clontarf, Malcolm II., of Scotland, had been feign to purchase his alliance, by giving him his daughter in marriage, and the Kings of Denmark and Norway treated with him on equal terms. The hundred inhabited isles which lie between Yell and Man,—isles which after their conversion contained "three hundred churches and chapels"—sent in their contingents, to swell the following of the renowned Earl Sigurd. As his fleet bore southward from Kirwall it swept the subject coast of Scotland, and gathered from every lough its galleys and its fighting men. The rendezvous was the Isle of Man, where Suibne had placed his own forces, under the command of Brodar or Broderick, a famous leader against the Britains of Wales and Cornwall. In conjunction with Sigurd, the Manxmen sailed over to Ireland, where they were joined, in the Liffey, by Carl Caunteson, Prince of Denmark, at the head of 1,400 champions clad in armor. Sitrick of Dublin stood, or affected to stand, neutral in these preparations, but Maelmurra of Leinster had mustered all the forces he could command for such an expedition. He was himself the head of the powerful family of O'Byrne, and was followed in his alliances by others of the descendants of Cahir More; O'More and O'Nolan, with a truer sense of duty, fought on the opposite side.

Brian had not been ignorant of the exertions which were made during the summer and winter of the year 1013, to combine an overwhelming force against him. In his exertions to meet force with force, it is gratifying to every believer in human excellence to find him actively supported by the Prince whom he had so recently deposed. Malachy, during the summer of 1013, had, indeed, lost two sons in skirmishes with Sitrick and Maelmurra, and had therefore his own personal wrongs to avenge; but he cordially co-operated with Brian before those occurrences, and now loyally seconded all his movements. The lords of the southern half-kingdom—the lords of Desies, Fermoy, Inchiquin, Corca-Baskin, Killarney, Kerry, and the lords of Hy-Many and Hy-Fiachra, in Connaught, hastened to his standard. O'More and O'Nolan of Leinster, and Donald Steward of Marr, in Scotland, were the other chieftains who fought under him at Clontarf, besides those of his own household. None of the Northern Hy-Nial took part in the battle—they had submitted to Brian, but never supported him.

Clontarf, the lawn or meadow of "bulls," stretches along the crescent-shaped north strand of Dublin harbor, from the ancient salmon weir at Ballyboght bridge, towards the promontory of Howth. Both horns of the crescent were held by the enemy, and communicated with his ships: the inland point terminating in the roofs of Dublin, and the seaward marked by the lion-like head of Howth. The meadow land between sloped gently upward and inward from the beach, and for the myriad duels which formed the ancient battle, no field could present less positive vantage ground to combatants on either side. The invading force had possession of both wings, so that Brian's army which had first encamped at Kilmainham must have crossed the Liffey higher up, and marched towards the present Drumcondra in order to reach the appointed field. The day seems to have been decided on by formal challenge, for we are told Brian did not wish to fight in the last week of Lent, but a Pagan oracle having assured victory to Broder, one of the northern leaders, if he engaged on a Friday, the invaders insisted on being led to battle on that day. And it so happened that, of all Fridays in the year, it fell on the Friday before Easter: that awful anniversary when the altars of the Church are veiled throughout Christendom, and the dark stone is rolled to the door of the mystic sepulchre.

The forces on each side could not have fallen short of twenty thousand men. Under Carl Caunteson fought "the ten hundred in armor," as they are called in the Irish annals, or "the fourteen hundred," as they are called in northern chronicles; under Broder, the Manxmen and the Danes of Anglesea and Wales; under Sigurd, the men of Orkney and its dependencies; under Maelmurra, of Leinster, his own tribe, and their kinsmen of Offally and Cullen—the modern Kildare and Wicklow; under Brian's son, Morrogh, were the tribes of Munster; under the command of Mallachy, those of Meath; under the lord of Hy-Many, the men of Connaught; and the Stewart of Marr had also his command. The engagement was to commence with the morning, so that, as soon as it was day, Brian, Crucifix in hand, harangued his army. "On this day Christ died for *you!*" was the spirit-stirring appeal of the venerable Christian King. At the entreaty of his friends, after this review, he retired to his tent, which stood at some distance, and was guarded by three of his aides. Here, he alternately prostrated himself before the Crucifix, or looked out from the tent door upon the dreadful scene that lay beyond. The sun rose to the zenith and took his way towards the west, but still the roar of the bustle did not abate. Sometimes as their right hands swelled with the sword-hilts, well-known warriors might be seen falling back to bathe them, in a neighboring spring, and then rushing again into the melee. The line of the engagement extended from the salmon-weir towards Howth, not less than a couple of miles, so that it was impossible to take in at a glance the probabilities of victory. Once during the heat of the day one of his aides said to Brian, "a vast multitude are moving towards us." "What sort of people are they?" inquired Brian. "They are green-naked people," said the officer. "Oh!" replied the king, "they are the Danes in armor!" The utmost fury was displayed on all sides. Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, fell by Thurlogh, grandson of Brian; and Anrud, one of the captains of the men in armor, by the hand of his father, Morrogh, but both father and son perished in the dreadful conflict: Maelmurra, of Leinster, with his lords, fell on one side, and Conaing, nephew of Brian, O'Kelly, O'Heyne, and the Stewart of Marr, on the other. Hardly a nobly born man escaped, or sought to escape. The ten hundred in armor, and three thousand others of the enemy, with about an equal number of the men of Ireland, lay dead upon the field. One division of the enemy were, towards sunset, retreating to their ships, when Broder, the Viking, perceiving the tent of Brian, standing apart, without a guard, and the aged king on his knees before the Crucifix, rushed in, cut him down with a single blow, and then continued his flight. But he was overtaken by the guard, and despatched by the most cruel death they could devise. Thus, on the field of battle, in the act of prayer, on the day of our Lord's Crucifixion, fell the Christian King in the cause of native land and Holy Cross. Many elegies have been dedicated to his memory, and not the least noble of these strains belong to his enemies. In death as in life he was still Brian "of the tributes."

The deceased hero took his place at once in history, national and foreign. On hearing of his death, Maelmurra, Archbishop of Armagh, came with his clergy to Swords, in Meath, and conducted the body to Armagh, where, with his son and nephew and the Lord of Desies, he was solemnly interred "in a new tomb." The fame of the event went out through all nations. The chronicles of Wales, of Scotland, and of Man; the annals of Adamar and Marianus; the Sagas of Denmark and the Isles all record the event. In "the Orcades" of Thormodus Torfæus, a wail over the defeat of the Islands is heard, which they call

"Orkney's woe and Randver's bane."

The Norse settlers in Caithness saw terrific visions of Valhalla "the day after the battle." In the NIALA SAGA a Norwegian prince is introduced as asking after his men, and the answer is, "they were all killed." Malcolm of Scotland rejoiced in the defeat and death of his dangerous and implacable neighbor. "Brian's battle," as it is called in the HEIMSKRINFOLA, was, in short, such a defeat as prevented any general northern combination for the subsequent invasion of Ireland. Not that the country was entirely free from their attacks till the end of the eleventh century, but from the day of Clontarf forward, the long cherished idea of a complete conquest seems to have been gloomily abandoned by that indomitable people.

(To be continued.)

The *Independence* of Turin enumerates the number of volunteers who have come over from the neighboring stations to serve in the Piedmontese army, and classes them as follows: From Lombardy and Venice, 1,331; Modena, 408; Parma and Placentia, 576; Tuscany, 34; Romagna, 8; Hungary, 3; Switzerland, 2; Sicily, 2; Corsica, 1—forming a total of 2,365. There are among them 264 landed proprietors, 454 students, 409 of various liberal professions, and 1,037 artists besides peasants.

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

THE IRISH POLITICAL LEADERS REVERSING THE ACT OF EMANCIPATION.

During the last twelve months the apathy, the indifference, and the palpable neglect of the chosen leaders of the Irish people in reference to the political interests of the unflinching noble-hearted freeholders of this country, has met and received its merited reproach from the late wounding irony of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When it was asked during the late debate by one of the Irish members whether Ireland should receive the same measure of Reform as England, the reply given to the *irrelevant* question was, "that Ireland was content with her present suffrage-position; that she had not expressed any public wish for change; and hence that when the English Reform would have been adjusted, Parliament would see what was to be done in reference to Ireland." In the time of the celebrated Grattan (as well as I can recollect the circumstance), when it was objected to him in the House of Commons "that Ireland wanted nothing; that she was content with her situation; and as a proof that there was universal peace amongst the peasantry," Grattan replied: "True, there is peace; but it is the peace of the Jail maintained amidst the clank of chains, and the terrors of the executioner." When the Chancellor in his speech on last week, stated with an official sneer of triumph, the universal indifference or "the contentment of Ireland" on the question of Reform, there was no one present, alas! to evoke the slumbering spirit of Grattan, and to meet the gibe of the minister by saying in sad imitation of the Irish orator: "Yes, true; but it is the contentment of a people, who, broken by the treachery of their leaders; who, prostrate by the injustice of their rulers; and who, crushed by the bigotry of a hostile cabinet, are chained and gagged" in the same kind of involuntary silence, and of forced national quietude as the persecuted generation of Irish, formerly depicted in the instance just referred to in the brilliant sarcasm of the Irish Demosthenes.

In fact, during the last two or three years, there has been no expression of what may be called a public political opinion in Ireland. With regret it must be acknowledged, that petty jealousy, personal pique, private animosities, and local or provincial distinctions have converted the hall of our national convention into a battlefield where the public interest has been forgotten in useless, irrelevant, and unbecoming conflict. No wonder the English official should laugh to scorn the demand of Reform for Ireland. No wonder he should point the public attention to our contentment, since *no meeting was called in Ireland*, to express a national sympathy with Mr. Bright's agitation in England; or no *public resolution passed* embodying our sentiments and demanding a share in the proposed extension of Parliamentary Reform. Many wise heads have during the last seven years published the pressing necessity of holding public meetings at least once a month on the plan of O'Connell's weekly assemblies; and the experience of every hour must convince every man of sound practical, honest sentiment, that until this scheme shall be efficiently realized, Ireland will be deprived of her firmest support, namely, the energetic expression of public opinion; otherwise our interests will be left to the feeble advocacy of some few public writers, or to the dubious, perhaps treacherous, defence of a suspected or incompetent representative. Our national character for personal bickering may, perhaps, defeat for ever the fulfilment of these hopes so often expressed by the best friends of Ireland; but although our historic destiny may plunge our country into the permanent evil of this inexplicable suicidal division, still it is true that we can never marshal our national strength into a movement of its full capability without constant public united assemblies where the national mind is expressed, the national will put in motion, and the national population, from the aristocrat to the peasant, all uttering the same resolve and advancing in one compact body to the same point of attack. The men who have voluntarily quitted the quiet path of private life, and have publicly offered themselves as the champions of the liberties of the people, are solely responsible for the prostrate attitude into which the nation has fallen within the last few years. They have enlisted in the service of their country, not only without solicitation, but at their own urgent request they have volunteered their services; and they pledge themselves before God and man to defend the rights of their country, to battle against her political wrongs, and to fight under the banner of Ireland with the same fidelity and courage as if they struggled for the honor of their country against the assault of a foreign foe. The constituents whose support they sought and obtained have relied on their promises, and have unhesitatingly bestowed on them their confidence and their votes. They follow them as sheep follow a shepherd, and flock round them in time of danger, as their guardians and their protectors against the treachery of the wolf. Almost the universal voice of the nation is now uttered *in a whisper*, that those sworn advocates of the people's cause have failed to fulfil either their own engagements or the people's expectations; and that the "contentment of Ireland," so jeeringly stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a true exponent of the political prostration and despair into which the total neglect of their representatives has thrown them. Some of the leading journals of Ireland have long since called the public attention to this distressing fact; and warned the nation of the disaster which would blight our interests in a variety of trying grievances, if our trusted champions did not stand forth and denounce these evils in public assembly, and before public reprobation. There is no concealing the fact, that the freeholders of Ireland, as a body, are disappointed; and unless seasonably propitiated, will not, in future, make the same willing sacrifices which, on former occasions, they have so cheerfully endured.

And what amount of Parliamentary labor and public service could make compensation to the brave, disinterested, noble Irish freeholders? They can address the national representatives and say to them—"Show to us your services, while we shall point out ours. The deserted villages, the depopulated fields, the churchyards, the poorhouse, the emigrant ship, publish the history of our sacrifices, our courage, our fidelity, our death in the service of our country; while some of our representatives have made a heap of our father's bones to creep up to the heights of power, others have forgotten their pledges, and several have neglected our interests." The Chancellor of the Exchequer has critically told the story which ought to raise a blush on the forehead of these official guardians, and brand their neglect with merited censure.

If public meetings were held on the plan suggested by some of the most eminent men in Ireland, it is certain that several grievances complained of in our social system, independently of our constitutional evils, would be remedied in the presence of a sound public exposure, and an irresistible public opinion. The offensiveness complained of at the board of the poor law guardians, the poorhouse proselytism, the exclusiveness of the various boards of superintendence, the exclusion of

Catholics from the minor situations through the several institutions of the different counties in Ireland, the whole working of modern bigotry would be brought before the nation every month; told through Europe and America by the press; and extinguished by the reproach of mankind. If some system like this be not introduced in the presence of the rapid spread of official annoyance through the various departments referred to, a hostile feeling will be engendered subversive of social peace, and branding the Government with the perfidy of returning, *whenever they can*, to the old days of Orange ascendancy. And while public meetings, held with monthly punctuality, would expose vice, they would also publish the conduct of the good landlords of Ireland, give due credit to such acts as the strenous efforts of all those who are engaged in forwarding our commercial interests, and, in a word, place before the Irish people the favorable prospects as well as the grievances of the country.

D. W. C.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

There is at present lying for examination in the Belfast Commercial News room, an excellent specimen of the ancient Irish brazen pot. It was discovered in a bog in the county Tyrone, and is fully described in the *Ulster Journal of Archæology*. It is intended to purchase the pot by subscription, and present it to the Belfast Museum.

Armagh.

The inhabitants of the peaceful town of Lurgan were thrown into a state of consternation by a deliberately planned and partially successful attempt to blow up the handsome new dwelling-house and shop of Mr. Leonard Uprichard, by means of gunpowder. The gratings of the cellar had been removed, and a quantity of powder introduced into the lower part of the house. This had been ignited by a fuse, and, on exploding, blew the front windows of the the shop completely out—at the same time shivering almost every pane of glass on that side of the building. On hearing of the affair, the local magistrates took steps for collecting all possible information respecting it. A reward of £200 has been offered for the apprehension and conviction of the perpetrators.

On the 24th of February, Miss Lucinda Lamb died at Drumnahuncheon, near Richhill, at the advanced age of 107 years, being born in 1752. She remembered the landing of the French at Carrickfergus in 1760, and retained her faculties to the last. She was able to make herself generally useful in her household affairs till within the last six weeks.

Clare.

A correspondent of the *Nation*, writing from Ennis, under date 15th March, says: "This town presented an unusual appearance on last night, owing to a demonstration got up to mark the feeling of the inhabitants towards that notorious political impostor, John D. Fitzgerald. About eight o'clock an immense multitude paraded the streets with the effigy of our worthy member, which was shown to advantage by the light of blazing tar barrels borne on the shoulders of the honest working classes; everything was carried out in the most orderly manner; of course, repeated groans were called for and responded to at the mention of Fitzgerald's name. Mr. Considine (shoemaker) delivered an excellent speech, in which he gave some hard knocks to J. D., and at its conclusion the procession moved on to the Market-square, where, having halted, the effigy was consigned to the flames. I must not forget to acquaint you that some flunkeys or admirers of John D.'s conduct made an attempt to suppress this proceeding: they waited on the resident magistrate and wanted him to crush it, but he refused doing so.

Considerable sensation was created in Ennis, in consequence of the arrest of five men at Bearfield, near that town, charged with being members of a Phœnix Club. The prisoners were arrested on the evidence of a man named Thomas Rice, a schoolmaster, and were brought into town, and lodged in the police barrack, from whence they were committed to the county jail, to await their examination before the magistrates. The parties charged are of rather an humble class of life, and are young men occupied as laborers and farm servants. Their names are: Thos. Galvin, Timothy Malone, James Reddan, Patrick Whelan, and Patrick O'Connor.—*Journal.*

Cork.

A constable brought up a poor-looking, meanly clad woman, who, he said, had been sent over from England the previous morning, herself and seven small children belonging to her. In answer to the inquiries of the magistrates, the woman said her name was Mary Anne Moylett, that she had been residing in Huddersfield, and that she had friends in Newmarket, in this county, whither she now wanted assistance to go. Mr. Johnson—Oh! it is the old story. It is frightful. Was it at your own request you were sent to Ireland? Applicant—No, your worship, it was not. They obliged me to come. Mr. Johnson—It is a terrible law. Mr. Humphreys—Did you get any money from any one? Applicant—I got 4s. in Liverpool from the magistrates. Mr. Johnson said he would make an order to send her and her children to Kanturk, which was four miles from the place (Newmarket) she wished to go to.—*Examiner.*

Down.

A most painful occurrence took place in the townland of Ballyrany, near Hiltown. A man named Phelmy O'Hagan was attacked by a bull, his own property, as he was wanting to turn him out of one field into another; and before any assistance could be rendered the man's life was taken away. A person in the field, at some distance, saw the whole occurrence, and was making to his assistance with a couple of dogs, but was, most unfortunately, too late to save the man's life. This person says that Mr. O'Hagan was trying to escape the savage animal by running out of his reach, but it appears he was rather infirm, and totally unable to effect this object. The bull was a moiled one, and was four years old; and what makes the case the more remarkable is that he always previously manifested a great liking for the deceased, by licking his hands, stroking his head up against him, and following him peaceably anywhere he wished.

Dublin.

The assizes through the greater part of the country are now in progress, and where it may be asked are all the horrors which, if there were any truth in the representation of Lord George Hill and his fellow-coercionists, they should reveal to us? The judges are everywhere, almost without exception, complimenting the counties in which they hold their courts on the lightness of their various calendars and the almost entire absence of serious crimes Thus are the falsehoods of that brazen or cowardly clique which filled the columns of a congenial press with lies and clamor, pushed down their throats by an authority they cannot resist—such is the orderly and peaceable state of the country in which a brutal faction were crying out that there was no security for life or property, and advocating the formation of armed patriots of "sons of the gentry," the carrying about of loaded blunderbusses by landlords and land agents for protection, the employment of bloodhounds to hunt down such of the peasantry as it may please them. From these facts, persons who are apt to take their ideas of Ireland from the lips and the writing of a certain class in this country, may learn how much attention they should in future pay to the representations of those parties, and the unscrupulous and dishonorable organs which do their bidding.—*Nation.*

After all, the good old chivalrous feeling of the Irish peasantry, which marked with infamy the character of a perjured informer, is not yet extinct. Our better classes may have become West Britons, but the great heart of the people citizens would deeply regret his removal from is still Irish to the core. A more touching exemplification of this could hardly be given than the anecdote related of the mother of the two young men, Daniel and Joseph Murphy, who now lie in the Jail of Tralee, for refusing to swear away the lives of the men prosecuted by the British Government. We quote the anecdote as we find it in a Protestant paper: "The refusal of the witnesses to give evidence, and their committal, occasioned considerable excitement in the court, and in the vicinity of the court-house large crowds soon assembled, among whom it was a topic for discussion and sympathy during the evening. The mother of the witnesses having come to the lodging house were they had been stopping to inquire respecting them, was informed of the event, and at first exhibited some natural emotion, but immediately recovering went down upon her knees in the presence of several persons, and thanked God and the Virgin Mary that her sons had acted so, and had not brought disgrace upon their name."

Mr. Gustavus Geary, the well-known and favorite tenor singer, of Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, has been invited to give a series of lectures on Irish melodies and sacred music, by his numerous pupils and friends in the United States.

A lady of color named Miss S. P. Remond, a native of Massachussetts and a particular friend of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, delivered two lectures on the American Slavery System in the Rotundo.

There is now exhibiting at Mr. Robertson's, 3 Grafton street, Dublin, the National Covenant of Scotland, signed in the year 1638.

Galway.

The committee of the House of Lords, appointed to try the merits of the competing schemes of the Midland Great Western Railway Company, and the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway Company, for a line to perfect the railway connection between Galway and the North of Ireland met, the Duke of Montrose in the chair. Mr. William Forbes, Traffic Manager of the Midland Great Western Company, was examined. His evidence went to show that if the proposed line were conceded to the Dundalk and Enniskillen Company, it would operate as a barrier to the traffic. At the Clones station there was ample space for the junction traffic, east or west. Mr. Lindsay, a Belfast merchant, was examined. He said that the impression in Belfast on the subject was, that if the Dundalk and Enniskillen Company got the line they would not make it.

Steam communication is about to be established between Portrush and Galway. This will afford the linen manufacturers and bleachers of the North West rapid and economical means of forwarding to Galway their goods intended for shipment by the Transatlantic steamers.

The grand jury of Galway have unanimously adopted a resolution of striking a rate of 1d. in the pound on the valuation of that county for the purpose of guaranteeing the repayment of £100,000 towards erecting a harbor of refuge in that noble bay.

On March the 31, an unfortunate accident occurred at the Ballinasloe Brewery, which has resulted in loss of life to a respectable young man named Henry D'Arcy. The deceased, who was about thirty years of age, was a native of Cork, and had been recently employed as brewer to the proprietor, Mr. Maher. On the day mentioned he fell into a vessel of boiling water, and got so severely scalded that death was the result. The occurrence was perfectly accidental.

Limerick.

A meeting was convened in the city of Limerick, some weeks past, for the purpose of taking into consideration the means whereby the erection of a monument to the memory of Sarsfield might best be effected. At this meeting the worthy chief magistrate expressed his intention to direct his influence as American Consul, with a view to inducing the Mayor of New York to assemble a meeting of those Irishmen whose sympathies, as children of our common country, need only be rightly aroused to lead them at once to contribute, *con amore*, their liberal subscriptions to the Sarsfield Monument Fund. No doubt our Trans-Atlantic brothers will be right willing to aid in the glorious work which has been lately begun by the men of that city whose Broken Treaty stuck and rankled in the brave heart of Sarsfield, the Irish Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. But the Mayor of Limerick has also projected another important idea. He proposes to seek the aid and co-operation of Napoleon III. Let the application to the French Emperor be made, and we entertain not a doubt that his Imperial Majesty will respond like a king to this, the first request of an ancient nation, whose Green Flag waved proudly, whose warriors fought bravely, and whose heart's blood flowed freely for the honor of France. We are confident that the Emperor of France will be only too happy to assist in erecting a suitable monument in commemoration of Sarsfield. His Imperial Majesty knows full well that British "pluck," how boasted soever it may be, often quailed and turned and fled before the flashing steel of the Brigade. And though his Majesty knows that the time-honored custom of raising earthly monuments whereon to blazon the name and the fame of the most distinguished or the most notorious of mortals is usually more honored in the breach than the observance, he will not, we believe, refuse to accede to a request made by the countrymen of such an eminent soldier, and such a friend of Liberty and France, as Patrick Sarsfield, the best and greatest Earl of Lucan.—*Nation.*

A most melancholy occurrence took place within one mile of Cappamore. Two brothers named Dillon, wealthy farmers, had a dispute about a plough, when Patrick struck his brother John with a stone, and killed him on the spot.

Potato planting, says the Limerick *Reporter*, is going forward with alacrity in many districts in this county.

It is expected that a steamer will be placed on the Shannon, at Foynes, in May, for conveyance of passengers and goods to America.

The waters of the Shannon have been higher during the past winter than for many years previously.

Sligo.

A Liverpool letter was received in Dublin announcing the total loss of the barque Dromahair, Captain Hutchinson, of 4rd belonging to Sligo, bound from Quebec to the Clyde. She was well known in the timber trade, and took her departure from Quebec on the 21st of November. She encountered very severe weather and on the 19th of December became waterlogged. She remained in that condition until the 9th of January, during which time six out of thirteen of the crew died from cold and exhaustion. On that day she was fallen in with by the American ship Centurion, the captain of which took off the remainder of the crew, seven in number (including the captain, mate, and boatswain), all of whom were in a most exhausted state. In lat. 50, long. 34 deg. W., the Centurion fell in with a Boston ship and transferred the captain, boatswain, and three men, who were landed in the Bristol Channel. The mate and one of the crew remained on board the Centurion.

The following resolution was passed by the the Sligo grand jury: "Resolved by the grand jury of the county of Sligo assembled at the Spring Assizes, 1859, for the despatch of public business, that permission be given to the promoters of the West of Ireland Telegraph Company to lay their wires on poles along the public road leading from Sligo to Enniskillen (either *via* Manorhamilton or Ballysbaunon, whichever route the company shall select) to the verge of the county, subject to same being laid under the supervision of the County Surveyor, and at the expense of the company, who are to pay what is fair and reasonable to Mr. St. Leger for his trouble. Robert Gore Booth, Foreman." A similar resolution was passed by the grand jury of the county Fermanagh.

Our readers, says the Sligo *Champion*, will be glad to learn that our excellent bishop with that zeal which has ever characterized him for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those committed to his care, has made arrangements to secure the services of the Christian Brothers in educating the youth of Sligo. The Christian Brothers have always earned for themselves the good-will and esteem of all classes and creeds, and we are sure the people of Sligo will hail with satisfaction the opening of a school amongst them by this exemplary and zealous brotherhood.

Wexford.

A most brutal act of murder was committed at Tarley-hill, near Gorey, the victim being an inoffensive old man named Edward Dourneen bordering on 80 years of age. The deceased was the possessor of a farm of about 100 acres of land, which he had inherited from a late brother, a son of whom is believed to be one of the guilty parties concerned in the outrage. It would appear that the deceased's brother left his property on condition that a sum of money should be paid to James Dourneen, his son, and that the murdered man having complied with that clause in his brother's will, was anxious to obtain the property for his own use, possession of which, however, was refused him by the parties residing thereon as tenants. Law proceedings were threatened for the purpose of obtaining possession, to frustrate which, it is said, the diabolical outrage has been committed. The body showed a bullet wound entering the back, a little under the left shoulder-blade. The ball, passing right through and lodging in the clothes, was found lying on the road. The police have arrested three brothers named Edward, William, and Martin Doyle, as well as James Dourneen, on suspicion of being the actors in this tragedy.—*Constitution.*

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Conversion of an Abyssinian King.—A solemn act of adhesion to the Roman Catholic faith has just taken place in Rome. It was that of Negoussie, King of Tigre and Semen, in Abyssinia. This sovereign did not appear in person, but sent three of the natives of his States to represent him—namely: Prince Ghiorgis, one of his relatives, the Catholic priest Emnatou and a young man, companion to the prince. These three were attended by Don Joseph Sapeto, apostolic missionary, who acted as their interpreter. What has imparted a certain importance to the proceeding is the fact of its being the first time that an Ethiopian sovereign accomplished so solemn a submission to the representative of Jesus Christ on earth, for, although Susenios, the Emperor of Ethiopia, became a Roman Catholic in 1523, he simply made his profession of faith to Father Paez, who acted as missionary in his States. Ghiorgis is a young man of twenty, with copper-colored skin, but handsome and regular features. He dresses in a scarlet cloth vest, wide white trousers, shoes, silk stockings, a mantle of lion skin on his shoulders, and a white turban. His arms are bare, the left alone bearing a thick gold bracelet, the sign of his high rank. An attendant always follows him, carrying a crooked sabre, such as are seen in the East. Emnatou is dressed all in white, his wide clerical robe being bound round his waist with a sash of scarlet silk. When the party were introduced to the Pope, they all prostrated themselves at his feet, and the interpreter stated the object of their long journey. His Holiness kindly raised them, and asked various questions concerning the health of their sovereign, relative to Mgr. de Jacobis, another apostolic missionary in their part of Africa, how they travelled and other questions. After the novelty of the scene had somewhat abated, Emnatou again bent low before the Pope, and pronounced an address, in which he declared that he placed at the feet of his Holiness the formal act by which Negoussie, King of Tigre and Semen, announced that he abjured heresy and adhered in all the Dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and as sign of which submission he had affixed to the document his signature and seal royal. The Pope made a suitable reply, expressing his joy at so unusual an occurrence, and then gave his solemn benediction to the envoys sent on so pious a mission, adding an injunction to them to inform their master that he (the Holy Father) would not let a day pass without offering up prayers to the Almighty to guard the new servant who had thus acknowledged in the face of the world His power. The audience then terminated. The Roman Catholic mission, founded in 1838, by Don Sapeto, in King Negoussie's possessions, now possesses three bishoprics, one in the country of the Gallas, another in Tigre, and a third in the district of the Bogos; also, eight churches, and upwards of 50,000 converts.—*Univers.*

Brutal Ferocity of a Calvinist Mob.—The inhuman ferocity which animated the "reformers" of the sixteenth century still continues to hold possession of their followers, urging them to deeds of bloodshed and massacre, such as those which, so peculiarly, mark the history of their fiendish predecessors. The following details, which are given to the public through the medium of the Prussian *Gazette*, is worthy of John Knox and his ferocious Puritans, and carries the mind back to the days of their sanguinary misdeeds: "In Kuinre, a village near Zwolle, in Holland, there dwelt a married pair. The husband being a Catholic and the wife a Protestant, they agreed that the first child should be a Catholic, the second a Protestant, the third a Catholic, and so on alternately. On one occasion, when the mother was delivered of twins, the parents were willing that the priest should baptize one, the parson the other. But the priest refused to be a party to this profanation. A family council of the near relations was summoned, and, after some demurring, it was decided that both should be baptized by the priest, and the hour was agreed on for the baptism at the Church. This having become known to the inhabitants of the town, who are nearly all Calvinists, a mob gathered at the appointed hour with the intention of preventing the Catholic baptism of the children. One of the children was captured by one portion of the mob and carried off to get Protestant bap-

tism. Another portion of the mob went to break the windows of the priest's house and of the few Catholic inhabitants. The godmother of the other child, seeing the intention of the fanatical assemblage, took refuge in the house of a relative; but the house was soon surrounded by a blood-thirsty crowd, yelling like so many devils, and with savage threats demanding possession of the child. They commenced an assault upon the house with paving stones, which smashed windows, &c. The man of the house finding further resistance useless, concluded to give up the child. He went to the door for the purpose, but as soon as he appeared he was stretched lifeless on the floor by a stone. The godmother ran to take the child from his arms, and give it to the mob. While raising it up, a stone aimed at her, hit the child upon the temple, causing its death in a few minutes!"

Death of the Rev. Father Hamill, formerly of Boston, Mass.—We are sorry to be compelled to record the demise, on the 6th of March, at the residence of his cousin, Very Rev. Michael Lennon, P P., Crossmaglen, of the Rev. Peter Hamill, formerly of Boston. Father Hamill was a native of the parish of Inniskeen, in the diocese of Clogher, where he discharged the duties of a laborious mission in the extensive and populous parish of Pettigo for 18 years, after which, he emigrated to America, and commenced his missionary career there under the Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, of Boston, to whom he soon became so endeared that he gave him charge of the Church of St. Augustine, South Boston. At the very commencement of his illness he knew it was all over with him as far as this life was concerned. He settled his temporal affairs and gave himself no further trouble with the affairs of this world. He calmly resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator, and breathed his last at half-past one o'clock, on Sunday, the 6th ult., having waited, as several remarked, until he should have the benefit of the pious prayers that were offered for him by the congregations all around on that day. Early on Tuesday, numbers of the clergy of the archdiocese of Armagh, and his native diocese, Colgher, assembled to pay him the last sad tribute of respect. A solemn Office and High Mass were chaunted for his repose, after which the remains of the kind, the simple-hearted, and good Father Hamill were deposited at the west side of Virgin's Altar, in the new Church of Crossmaglen, in the 50th year of his age, and 25th of his sacred ministry. May he rest in peace.

Interesting Discovery at Bethlehem.—A letter from Jerusalem, in the *Gazette du Midi*, says: "A very important discovery has been made in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, near the spot which is generally admitted to be where the angel appeared to the shepherds. To the eastward of Bethlehem, and midway between the town and the spot above-mentioned, some workmen, when employed in making an excavation, found the ruins of an immense convent of the period of St. Jerome and St. Paul, with evident marks of its having been afterwards repaired by Saint Helen and the crusaders. The cisterns are very large, regular, and in a perfect state of preservation. The mosaic pavements of several rooms have been already laid bare, and the workmen are on the trace of the marble pavement of the Church. The satisfaction occasioned by this discovery is so great that the inhabitants of the village of Beth-Sakour (village of shepherds) hasten to the spot, and offer their services on the works gratuitously. The site of these ruins is known to the Arabs by the name of Siar-el-Genem (resort of the sheep). It is surrounded by a considerable number of deep grottoes, where the shepherds have been in the habit of taking shelter with their flocks.

Receptions.—On Thursday, the 3d of March, Miss Roche (Sister Mary Bernard) received the white veil at the hands of the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, in the Presentation Convent, Carlow. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Hughes, parish priest of Naas. Several clergymen were present. On the 7th of March, at the Presentation Convent, Bagenalstown, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walshe, Mary (in religion Sister M. Clare), in the 21st year of her age, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Lyons, of Moanduff, county Carlow. The Rev. Denis Kane, Leighlin-bridge, preached a very eloquent and effective sermon, suitable to the happy occasion. At the Presentation Convent, Fermoy, Miss Helena Murphy, of Woodview Cottage (as choir sister), and Eliza Murphy (as lay sister), received the white veil at the hands of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Keane.

A Destroyed Church.—The Church of St. Gertrude, at Nivelles, which has just been so much injured by fire, was one of the most ancient and remarkable of the religious edifices of Belgium. With the exception of Notre Dame of Tournai, it was the largest church in the country built in the architectural style of the early part of the middle ages. It contained a number of curious tombs, pieces of sculpture, works in silver, and sacred vessels, all of considerable antiquity, the greater portion of which have not been much injured. The loss will fall on the insurance offices, as the building was assured for 400,000f.

Franciscan Church, Wexford.—The penitential time of Lent was opened in the above church with the interesting ceremony of blessing and erecting a new set of stations purchased in Rome. They are oil paintings of the most beautiful design and description.

The commission charged with the erection of a magnificent church in Madrid, in honor of the Immaculate Conception, has decided on inviting the architects of all Europe to send in designs.

A long article in *L'Univers* signed by M. Louis Veuillot, who has returned from Rome, is devoted to the expedition to Cochin-China. This great and beautiful country, which God seems at length to wish to give to the Gospel by making France reign in it, has been in our days the most bedewed with Christian blood. In no spot on earth during this age has the name of Church excited more hellish fury, or been honored by such a number of martyrs. For twenty years a tyrant reigned there, a true incarnation of Nero, and he has had for successors two other monsters, still baser. They have continued to persecute. The Church has continued to furnish martyrs, and to the present hour neither the persecution nor the martyrdom has ceased. But the triumph is near, that triumph which God gives even in this world to those who fight for Him. France and Spain have recollected that the murdered missionaries belonged to them by nationality as well as by religion. They have heard the voice of blood and their troops captured Touranne, in order to reward so many efforts and to punish so many crimes. At the same time France reclaims old rights of sovereignty which will secure to her in the midst of the seas of the extreme west a great position. Up to this she has ranked there as only a sixth rate power.

The following changes were recently made in the diocese of Cork by the Right Rev. Dr. Delany—Rev. P. O'Flynn, C. C., Upper Glanmire, was appointed P.P., Mintervara; Rev. C. O'Connell was removed from Bantry to Upper Glanmire; Rev. M Shinquin to Bantry; Rev. C Freeman from Lower Glanmire to Passage; Rev. J. Galvin to Lower Glanmire; Rev. J. Murphy from Ballinhassig to Kilbritain; Rev. T. Murray from West Skull to Ballinhassig; and Rev. D. Forrest to West Skull.

L'Univers publishes correspondence from Lisbon, which relates that a young ecclesiastic, who was collecting petitions in favor of the Sisters of Charity, had been assassinated by the revolutionists, and that a French priest, chaplain of the French Embassy, had been stoned in the streets of Lisbon. The writer says that everything threatens an approaching struggle, in a country profoundly Catholic, but governed in absolute contempt of its religious feelings.

The wretched government of Monte Video has just issued a decree of expulsion against the Jesuit Fathers. This decree accuses them of having quitted the sphere of action assigned to them and made use of their sacred ministry to the prejudice of the national interest. The decree hypocritically adds that an account will be given to the Sovereign Pontiff of the motives which have obliged the Government to take this step.

On the 31 of March, the Pope proceeded to the Hospital of St. Jean-de-Lateran, at Rome, and went through the different wards, uttering words of consolation to the sufferers. As he was quitting the establishment he was informed that a woman, one of the patients, had just expired. He immediately went to her bedside, and kneeling down, recited a *De profundis* for the repose of her soul.

A great misfortune has just occurred to the Catholic Mission of Tonquin. Monsignor Retord, Bishop of Acantha, died of dysentery in the milddle of a frightful desert, whither he had gone to escape from the persecuting mandarins. He had been evangelizing Western Tonquin for twenty-eight years, and was, in fact, the head of the Annanite Mission.

We (*Nation*) are informed that his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin is expected to return from Rome immediately after Easter, and that a National Synod will then be held to consider the education question. We may add that steps have been already taken to ascertain the opinions of the Irish hierarchy upon this most important subject.

"Now that Lent has come," says a letter from Paris, "the ablest and most eloquent preachers of the French Church—the cream of these are Jesuits—have been appointed to preach every Sunday, and even on certain week-days as well, in every church in the capital."

The Very Rev. Doctor Halley, P.P., Dungarvan, met with an accident lately, at Mapstown, as he was on his way to attend a sick call. His poney became restive, and took head; the car upset and the rev. gentleman was thrown on the road. It is stated that he is severely hurt.

An address and testimonial has been presented by the people of Kilmurry Ibricane, Clare, to their late curate, the Rev. Father Thomas Moloney, now the successor in Dysart of the Rev. Jeremiah Vaughan, P. P.

Died, on the 3d of March, Mrs. Eliza Bulter, superioress of the Presentation Convent, Wexford. Her whole life was devoted to the enlightenment of the poor and the alleviation of their wants.

The zealous and indefatigable parish priest of Bantry, the Rev. George Sheahan, is about building a convent in that town.

The Rev. Peter Nolan, C. C., Birr, has been appointed to succeed the Rev. Mr. Bugler, in the pastoral charge of Borrisokane.

The Rev. Mr. Ryan, R. C. C., St. Mary's, Limerick, is appointed curate to the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Kilfinane.

Father Petcherine, the Redemptorist, is preaching a course of lectures every Sunday during Lent in the Jesu and Marie, Rome.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of the Rev. James Waldron, C.C., of Partry, county Mayo.

The sum of £27,000 has already been expended on the Cathedral of Armagh.

Seven priests of the Society of Foreign Missions have sailed from Cherbourg for Turin, Cochin China.

THE IRISH STATE PROSECUTIONS.

TRIUMPH OF THE PRISONERS.

[*From the Special Correspondent of the Nation.*]

LEAVING HOME.

I believe I speak within the truth when I say that, with, perhaps, the exception of the State Trials of 1844, no political prosecution since the days of Major Sirr has excited more intense interest than those now commencing at Tralee. If I regard the excitement at the scene of trial, and the open and enthusiastic sympathy of the locality for the accused, I cannot except any prosecution of the kind known in our history; for, the spectacle of a number of young men scarce arrived at manhood's years, yet full of fine, manly vigor, taking their departure from their native home to stand their trial for one of the gravest political offences known to the law—not with downcast looks, not amidst gloom and terror, not amidst grief and wailing; but with light hearts and bright faces, surrounded by the thronging populace of their native town, led as in a triumphal procession through its streets, amidst ringing cheers and plaudits, and waven scarfs from fair hands that motioned a blessing and a farewell to the youthful traversers—that, I presume, is a picture not to be found surpassed in the annals of political prosecutions in Ireland. Such, however, was the scene witnessed in Kenmare on Saturday, 5th March, when the traversers resident in and near that town took their departure for Tralee. On the night previous they assembled in Kenmare and were *feted* by a few friends out of the many whom a life of unblemished character had made for them; and were serenaded in true American style by a concourse of others, who, chanting an improvised song to the air of the Marseillaise, marched through the streets and around the square—or rather triangle—which the liberality of Mr. Trench has afforded that town. On Saturday morning all was bustle and preparation; for what between the marching out of police detachments, the dashing and curvetting of mounted police, or of vain and highly titivated young sub-inspectors, the marshalling and marching of whole battalions of witnesses, the preparations for the public departure and ovation of the traversers: the little town was frighted from its propriety. Shortly before noon the car containing the traversers as well as the conveyances containing their witnesses, friends, &c., took their departure for Killarney. The sides of the street were lined with people, the windows crowded with ladies waving kerchiefs, scarfs, &c.; the traversers, in high spirits, returned as best they could the farewells of their fellow-townsmen; and at length, having been accompanied a short distance beyond the town by a number of sympathizers, the cavalcade drove off for Killarney. Here on its arrival a somewhat similar scene took place; a number of the people met the traversers and party outside, and accompanied them into and around the town, amidst plaudits quite as enthusiastic as those which saluted them on leaving Kenmare.

A NOBLE IRISH MATRON.

Many a touching episode and over-true tale might be related of the desperate endeavors of the Crown to obtain evidence. In Kenmare there dwells a widow lady of not affluent circumstances, but of most respectable family. She boasts, and is not unworthy, of the blood of the Conways, whose name stands enrolled on the banners of the Irish Brigade of Fontenoy. Two children, boys, remain to her, bearing the name of her deceased husband, Aldwell. On Saturday this worthy and good woman was entering her home, after paying a visit to a neighbor, when she met at the door, leaving the house, a policeman, noted for his offensive zeal, named Holland. "I have got hold of one of your sons," taunted the policeman. "Well—I hope that is all you will have by it"—replied the mother. "I will bring him off to Tralee as a Crown witness." "If you do I hope he will not stain his name with treachery," spoke the brave woman. "Oh, I suppose that is because of the great Conways," sneered the policeman—for her honest pride upon the point was a well known story. "Yes," she said, "it is true for you; there flows in his veins the blood of the Conways, who fought with Sarsfield. And Basil" (calling to her son, a lad of 17), "have you been summoned by this man to give any evidence against the boys?" "Yes, mother; he says I must go off with him to Tralee." "Well, then, go; but never return to see my face, for you will be no child of mine, if you prove a traitor or an informer!" "With your shield, or upon it," spoke the Roman matron.

I might crowd your pages with such incidents; but I must content myself with those instances above related, each severally faithful in its own way, illustrative of the state of affairs which has reigned for sometime past in this part of the country.

All day on Saturday and Sunday, Killarney witnessed an incessant stream of conveyances bound for Tralee; but it was on Sunday evening, when the Traversers' Bar was expected from Dublin, that the excitement amongst the crowds who filled the streets was at its height. At five o'clock in the evening the Dublin train arrived, and soon from the Railway Station came pouring phætons, chaises, coaches, cars, with clusters of portmanteaus, hat cases, and travelling bags tied on before, behind, beneath, and above them. "Worthy burghers" who professed ability to recognize and point out the various personages—judges, barristers, &c. —were surrounded by deferential groups.

THE TOWN OF TRALEE.

The sun had gone down ere I started for Tralee; but as the road rose against the hill north of Killarney, I could mark the noble edifice which the pious zeal of Catholic Kerry has raised as the Cathedral Church of the diocese—a church which will perpetuate the memory of the pure and gifted Prelate under whose episcopate it has been brought to a success—of the amiable nobleman whose munificence has so largely aided his generous fellow-Catholics in erecting that splendid temple; and, let me add, also, of the genius of Pugin, whose creation is its beautiful design; and of Barff, whose exquisite conceptions of Art will complete its perfections. It was long after nightfall ere I reached Tralee; but even by gaslight I could see enough to utterly and most pleasingly disappoint my expectations of the town. Probably because of its remoteness and (almost) inaccessibility—hitherto at least—I had expected a small, dingy, dirty, dilapidated old town, with narrow, crooked streets and irregular and indifferent-looking houses. Imagine my astonishment at driving through streets which might be matched with any in Dublin or Liverpool—certainly superior to any in Cork, perfectly straight, wide, clean, with footway smoothly flagged; the shops worthy of any city in Ireland. The town was literally crammed with strangers, the streets thronged with crowds eagerly discussing the approaching trials, or with strangers hurrying along vainly searching for "where to lay their heads." Every hotel, inn, and private lodging-house overflowed. At the chief hotel the large ball-room used for the County Balls, &c., had been converted into a huge dormitory, in which a large number may be said to have "encamped." To the kindness of "a constituent"—whose courtesy to me I cannot soon forget—I owed the good fortune of having been saved from, perhaps, a bivouac in the streets, and secured fitting "quarters" during my stay.

THE COURT AND THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS.

Directly in front of the Bench, with his back to the Dock, sat one of the chief actors, if not the chief actor, in the scene just opening. Aged about fifty; tall—over six feet in height; of large and powerful frame, broad shoulders, massive head; high, broad forehead; heavy features, with an air of sullen strength; a man not to be bullied himself, but fitted by nature to browbeat others. I care not how the heralds may make out his pedigree, I pronounce him to be a Scotch Gael by descent. His name and title, however, are "Right Honorable James Whiteside, her Majesty's Attorney-General for Ireland." On his right sat Mr. Hickson, Q.C.; on his left, the Solicitor-General—an elderly gentleman—hair and whiskers largely silvered by the hand of time, evidently of active habits and quick perception; his voice short and sharp. On the left of the Solicitor-General sat one whose name, and whose personal character, command for him the esteem of every Irishman. About forty years; fresh, bright face; hair and short whiskers brown-auburn; his manners and his voice carried further the favorable impression, which, somehow, his very appearance seemed to make. Energetic, clear, forcible, in whatever he said, he nevertheless presented nothing for an adversary to attack as unfair, however one might feel its force. This was Sir Colman O'Loghlen, the worthy son of a worthy father. On the left of Sir Colman—and the extreme sweep of the bar seat at that side—sat Messrs. Henn and Lane, Queen's Counsel. This was the Crown side of the Bar; from the centre of the sweep to its extreme on the left of the Bench, sat the counsel for the defence.

First—on the right of the Crown Bar—sat Thomas O'Hagan, Q. C., leader for the defence. He looked in fine spirits—and, in fact, showed that he was—in the very first shot exchanged between himself and the Attorney-General, which was, indeed, at the very first step made in the case. O'Hagan looked ready for the fray; and those who have seen that countenance in full play, in such a scene as the present, will not need particular description of it here. On his right, Mr. Clarke, Q. C., some years older than Mr. O'Hagan—tall, vigorous in appearance, sharp, active, vigilant—he pounces on "the enemy" like lightning, and smites them as destructively. Next sits Edward Sullivan, Q. C., whose rapid rise in his profession attests the prowess of merit in every race where free public decision makes the award. He is a young man—in personal appearance small, lively, resolute. Next sits J. C. Coffey, tall, portly, powerful—one of the ablest men in the profession at analyzing and sifting evidence, and whose services were deemed absolutely necessary in the present case. This was perceptible enough in the progress of the case. On his right, John O'Hagan. I find widely prevalent the idea that he and Mr. Thomas O'Hagan are brothers. They are not even relatives, though, I believe, both natives of Belfast. Mr. John O'Hagan is about thirty-three years, small in size, full shaped; round, full face; fair hair, regular features, with an extremely pleasing and cheerful expression. His part in the present case seems to be chiefly watching the action going forward with a sharp eye and a wise head to perceive and direct what may escape the men in actual conflict. Next, Mr. J. E. Pigott and Mr. Neligan, the former son of the Chief Baron; the latter, a native of Tralee; in his very first cross-examination of a witness in this case, he "made his mark," and riddled the evidence for the Crown.

At the inner seat sat the conducting solicitors; on the Crown side Sir Matthew Barrington, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Fagan; on the Defence

side Mr. McCarthy Downing, and Mr. O'Riordan. Downing—lynxed-eyed, wiry, keen, slightly made, but made of steel; with an eye like an eagle, a face the terror of equivocating witnesses. Mr. O'Riordan sits beside him, the readiest of all the bar to perceive the slip of a witness or the tendency of a question. These, then, were the various actors in the drama of the Tralee State Trials.

EMPANNELING THE JURY.

And now the struggle formally began; the jury panel was called once more. And here, let me say, what injustice to one long regarded as a violent partisan and a man of dominating prejudices—the Attorney-General for Ireland—it is more than due to say that *there was no attempt to pack a jury*—no insulting "stand-by" to every Catholic who came to take the book; the jury is as fair a jury (according to the resources of the long panel) as could be empanneled, and, whatever may be the fate of the prisoners, Whiteside has not followed the precedents of '43 and '48, and made trial by jury a bitter mockery and insult to the accused. The Crown made but three challenges; Mr. M'Carthy Downing for the defence made sixteen challenges; Sir Matthew Barrington for the Crown made three. This was probably the most exciting part of the proceeding, for so little was thought of the sort of evidence got up against the prisoners that every one felt that all depended upon the jury. The most painful anxiety racked every countenance—every breath was held—every eye fixed—every ear strained, as if a life depended upon the issue.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S ADDRESS.

At the sixteenth challenge for the prisoner, the twelfth juror was sworn; and now the Attorney-General rose. At the moment when he rose to his feet to commence his address, the Attorney-General ended the restraint of moderation which he had for a brief time owned, flung aside the scabbard, and, as became but too plain, as the trial proceeded, poised himself for a struggle in which legal vigor was to be carried to an extreme never heard of since the days of Toler. I do not complain of his opening speech; an Attorney-General prosecuting for treason is not, fairly, to be expected to make a mild and moderate appeal; and it is, if not reasonable, not wonderful that the terrors of rebellion should be painted by him in glaring colors, and the crimes of rebels darkened with the deepest dye. But there was evinced a more than an ordinary effort to terrify the jury by calling up the pictures of '98; and when he told them their lands were to be divided amongst the prisoners in the event of the alleged conspiracy succeeding, every man in court felt that he paid the jury the odious compliment of believing them capable of returning a verdict not merely according to the evidence, but according to their fears. He went further; but in doing so he overshot the mark, and uttered what I believe he would now call "a slip." He laid down the extraordinary—the truly startling—canon, that the wretch who deals in private assassination, in arson, in burglary, in social crime and moral degradation, differs in no way from men like Hampden, Algernon Sidney, Tell, Lamartine, or Washington. Yes; the Orangemen of the North may be proud of the Attorney-General, who has proclaimed to them that the men of 1688, who drove James II. from the throne, were no better than the Ribbonmen who burned the inmates of Wildgoose Lodge! A strange doctrine truly for Whiteside to broach—that the political conspirator can claim no distinction from the outlaws of social and moral law! But though he broached it, he did not believe it himself. In his heart he knew its falseness; but he knew well that the accused were likely to be benefited, as it was their right to be, by the fact that their social and moral character was stainless; that, whatever their political opinions, it would be hard to make a jury believe them cut-throats and bloody *sanscullottes*; and so it was necessary for his purposes to utter at that moment that scandalous libel upon principles and men more pure, more lofty, more philanthropic, than ever swayed the breast of an Irish placeman.

THE INFORMER AND HIS TESTIMONY.

The Attorney-General sat down; a few stamps were made by a true-blue heel in the grand jury-box, but, like Fear, frighted at the sound itself had made, the freezing silence around killed the miserable effort at its birth. "Call Daniel Sullivan," cried the Solicitor-General; and presently every eye was fixed upon the entrance for witnesses. In a few seconds there appeared, and tripped lightly on the table, smirking like a bumpkin in his first suit of new clothes, a young man, aged about twenty-four. He was dressed smartly, in grey tweed, was "got up" without stint of hair-brush and pomatum, and was evidently egregiously self-conceited. With the exception of a low and receding forehead there was nothing in his face at all suggestive of the infamy of his character; he was well-looking, had regular features, and a well-proportioned figure. He wore profuse whiskers, and his hair *a la* country policeman, or, in other words, very much in the style of "the force." But the moment he opened his lips to utter a word, his real nature appeared; there was shadowed in his words, and manner of delivering them, a smooth, creeping, slimy character; while his face assumed a new aspect—that of one who would sneak and smile his way within striking distance of your heart, that he might bury a dagger in it at safe advantage to himself. For the first two or three hours of his cross-examination he kept O'Hagan adroitly at guard's length like a witness (as he was) who had spent months in rehearsing the part he had to play—rehearsing it, too, under the able tuition of experts at evidence management. But the ablest preparation cannot encase falsehood in a mailed suit which truth-searching cross-examination cannot pierce. The moment O'Hagan elicited the first equivocation from him, the whole fabric of his testimony began to evince weakness; as O'Hagan went on pulling coins from the pile, it came down piecemeal; the story of the forgery, and of the robbery of the ring, were dragged from the witness amidst stammerings, hesitations, and contradictions, which astounded and disgusted every one in court; and when even just before he left the table, he was making some "clinching" statement against the prisoners, he looked towards them with a smile—galvanized manifestly—a shudder ran around the room, and he left the table amidst the unconcealed loathing of the spectators.

TWO BRAVE BROTHERS.

Towards evening, on Thursday, it became rumored that the brothers Murphy, of Killarney—who had been entrapped into some conversation, which had been elaborated into an "information"—would at all risk decline appearing as Crown witnesses. It was late that evening when the first of the brothers was called, and when his name was given to the crier by the Attorney-General, a murmur, speedily hushed in death-like silence, ran from end to end of the court. Slowly there appeared upon the table a young man of highly respectable appearance. He was about twenty-two years, tall, slight in figure, jet black hair. He hesitated to take the book; but ultimately did so and was sworn. He then slowly sat down, as one placing himself upon the rack, all the tortures of which he was resolved should not ring a word from him. The Attorney-General then spoke, "Do you know Florence O'Sullivan?" There was a moment's pause, in the dead silence of which you could hear the fall of a pin. "I decline to answer any question here," replied the witness in a low voice, but with a tone of settled determination. "What's that?" shot in the sharp voice of the judge. "He refuses to give evidence, my lord," answered the Attorney-General. Then followed a scene which may not easily be described—the court wrapped in gloom, rendered only more striking and mournful by the flicker of a few tapers, which threw into strong light and shadow the faces near them; the solemn, breathless [silence, broken only by the rustle of the page which his lordship turned over in his notes. No one spoke for many seconds; the appearance of the witness was such as to elicit sympathy from the sternest heart. I never saw such intense suffering—such actual agony—upon the face of man; and that he had long borne mental torture, his worn and haggard visage but too plainly told. And so it was; from the day he learned the base use to which the Detective had perverted the statements wrung from him under false pretences—and that he had been placed in the position of an informer sending his companions into a dungeon for life—he and those dearest to him, the parents upon whose name no stain had ever fallen, were wrung with grief and apprehension. His father was well known and highly respected by every merchant in Cork city, as a responsible officer of the Cork Butter Weighhouse; his mother is a woman whose superior for all that wins respect and esteem from neighbor and from friend is not to be found; all his relatives are in respectable position in and around Killarney.

The judge broke silence. "What question have you put to him?" "I have asked him, my lord, does he know Florence O'Sullivan; and he replies that he will answer no questions." His lordship makes an entry in his notes; and the Attorney-General makes a short but savage address, referring to a similar case upon the occasion of Smith O'Brien's trial, and, clearly to terrify young Murphy, points out that the punishment in this case ought to be quadruple that inflicted upon O'Donnell the Tipperary farmer. But as I watched the face of the witness I saw that the effect was exactly the reverse of that intended. A ray for a moment brightened his pale countenance, and I knew that the conduct of the Tipperary peasant had the effect of appealing to the witness not to quail. "Repeat the question," said the judge. It was repeated; and the same answer returned, this time with recognizable firmness and in a louder voice. Every one now knew what was coming. "Where is the Sheriff?" "Here, my lord," answered the Sheriff from his box. "Take the witness into custody." The poor fellow rose from the witness chair, and, as he saw the Sub-Sheriff and two policemen advance, turned round and looked brightly into the dock, and walked out between his captors with the most sensible alteration in his air—as if a crushing load had been taken off his heart.

His younger brother was now called; and a buzz went around as every one speculated whether he would have the firmness to follow his brother's example. The point was soon settled; he exhibited far greater decision, though not firmer determination than his brother. He was about 19 years of age; and was well-looking and of pleasing appearance. He, too, hesitated at first to take the book, but eventually was sworn; he too replied, "I will answer no questions here." The judge made some observations to him in a low voice, to which the witness replied audibly and firmly: "My lord, I desire to offer no disrespect to you, but I will answer no questions or give evidence here." "Sheriff." This time the Sheriff was actually beside the witness chair in readiness, and amidst a low murmur, certainly of sympathy, if not of admiration, he walked out of court like the winner of a prize.

The next witness, whose appearance elicited marked interest, was young William Byrne Healy, a medical assistant in Killarney, and, although scarcely seventeen, as intelligent, manly, and sensible a young fellow as ever trod college halls. He evidently felt that he was utterly incompetent to afford the evidence which he seemed to apprehend he was being sought to be entrapped or coerced into giving, and he gave his answers with the greatest caution, but with an open frankness which threw that caution into its proper light. He was bullied in vain; his testimony was that he could by no means swear to Florence O'Sullivan's handwriting, but that a letter produced was somewhat like it.

THE SPEECH FOR THE DEFENCE.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, 11th March, when O'Hagan rose for the defence. An adjournment of five minutes preceded his rising; and the interval was occupied by the auditors in effecting a systematic cram. The ladies' gallery was packed in a manner thoroughly disproving the existence of a single inch of crinoline "upon the premises." When, at length, the learned gentleman rose, the eager silence of a crowded court gave a testimony to his fame immeasurably above and beyond all the language of panegyrists. How every one hung upon that voice—smooth, clear, full-toned, musical; it has an eloquence in itself: the mere sound of it communicates to the hearer the emotions which sway the speaker. O'Hagan had been sitting, as I have already described, with his back to the dock, directly facing the judge, and consequently with the jury on his left, in front. But when he rose for his address he swung himself round on his left, so as to face the jury, and have also in view, on his left, and within less than a yard, the prisoner at the bar—on his right, the Bench. He spoke most of that matchless delivery with his left hand grasping high up the iron bar at which stood the prisoner; his body thrown backward—his face upturned, he seemed to address the heavens above more than the beings of earth before him; the right hand now stretched forth in appeal, now riveted over his heart, as if restraining the emotions under which his body swayed and trembled. I never saw such faultless, such powerful, such natural declamation—supplemented as it was by the play of every feature in his countenance, every muscle in his body, every inflection of his voice. As he stood there, clutching that rough iron grating (within which sat the prisoner), with his right arm outstretched—with head up-raised—now showering his attack upon the foe before him, now clinging closer to the dock as if to shelter with his own body the victim for whose life he fought—he looked like one who stood there to guard at all hazards, to the last, the life entrusted to his defence.

Night closed upon the scene, and still the defence went on. With morning it was resumed, and for all that day, Saturday, with an endurance almost superhuman and a resource of language and of argument marvellous beyond parallel, that great advocate held that crowded assemblage in rapt attention to his words. About four o'clock in the afternoon—the tenth hour of his speech—his voice, however, began slightly but perceptibly to give way. The words came fresh, forcible, and beautiful as ever, but the physical powers of the speaker were failing. Towards evening he looked much exhausted, and his friend Mr. George Waters, of Cork, Barrister-at-Law, who sat by his side, more and more frequently hurried towards the bar-room for a moment, and returned with water or lemonade draughts, which Mr. O'Hagan quaffed hastily, between sentences of his speech, faint as a traveller over the Zahara. It was easy to note in the gaze which his youthful friend held upon him, the pride of one proud of standing in closer relations towards the hero of the scene, than those of mere friendship. Mr. Waters is, I believe, married to a younger sister of Mrs. O'Hagan, both ladies being nieces of Bartholomew Teeling—a name ennobled in the history of Ireland sixty years ago. At length, towards seven o'clock on Saturday night, after a defence which occupied nearly thirteen hours, Mr. O'Hagan closed his magnificent speech amidst a burst of applause, quick and loud, though brief as the discharge of a volley from a firing party.

On Monday morning the Solicitor-General rose to reply for the Crown. He was hard, bitter, and illogical, and spent the Sunday in studying Mr. O'Hagan's speech for the purpose of endeavoring to weaken some of its strong points. In vain, however. Next came Baron Green's charge; on the whole, as impartial as could have been expected from the fairest judge who has for years sat on the Irish Bench.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

Baron Greene then charged the jury. They had given this long and important case a degree of attention that he had rarely seen equalled, never exceeded, in his experience. It had been commented upon with great ability by the counsel at either side. It now remained for him and them to discharge their duties under the solemn obligations of their respective oaths. It was his duty to the best of his ability to direct them as to the law. It was their exclusive province to decide upon the facts. The crime in the present case was the harboring the intention alleged in the incident of conspiring to deprive and depose the Queen from her style and royal name as Sovereign of the United Kingdom; and that design was alleged to have been manifested by certain overt acts. The principal witness for the Crown was an approver. The law admitted the testimony of such a person who came forward self-condemned; but it required that it should be corroborated, and especially so in a case of conspiracy, because that was a crime committed in a secret manner, and evidence could not be obtained unless one of the conspirators betrayed his confederates. It was not necessary, however, that the testimony of an approver should be corroborated in all particulars, if it were corroborated by unimpeachable testimony as to the main facts of the conspiracy, and as to the parts of the case touching the prisoner, that would be sufficient. The evidence of two or more approvers would not furnish the necessary proof, but there were a class of witnesses who, although they might have gone to a certain extent in the commission of illegal acts, yet did not come under the category of approvers, because they gave information on the subject. The violation of an illegal oath—if the party had not been actively engaged in the conspiracy, and had not endeavored to lead others into it with a view to betray them—would not of itself place a man in the position of an approver. If they believed the testimony of Daniel Sullivan (Goula), in his opinion it established the case charged against the prisoner. His lordship then read the direct and cross-examination of that witness. He had no hesitation in telling them that any man who took the second of the unlawful oaths mentioned in his evidence necessarily became guilty of compassing to deprive the Queen of her style, honor, and roval name of the imperial crown of the United Kingdom. Of course they should take into consideration any discrepancy that they should find between the written information and the testimony on the table. With reference to the proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant, they had nothing to do with the policy or impolicy of that document. It was a legitimate topic of observation as to the influence which the offer of a reward might have had on an approver. In a long and complicated case it was not reasonable to expect that the information should contain everything; therefore, generally speaking, the omission of one fact afterwards stated on the table would not retract much from the evidence. If, however, the fact or circumstances were a remarkable one, it certainly might leave the witness open to the suspicion of having added it afterwards. The learned judge, who was very indistinctly heard, concluded his charge at twenty minutes past four o'clock, its delivery having occupied two hours and three quarters, and the jury retired.

TUESDAY—LAST DAY.

Baron Greene took his seat on the bench shortly before nine o'clock.

The jury, who appeared much fatigued, having entered their box, Mr. Mahony (Clerk of the Crown) called over the names.

Baron Greene—Gentlemen, have you agreed to a verdict?

Foreman—No, my lord. (Handing a paper to the Clerk of the Crown). There is the issue.

Baron Greene—You must keep that. I am sorry you have not agreed. The court will now adjourn, and I will be sent for when you have agreed.

Baron Greene then retired from the bench and the jury returned to their room.

At twelve o'clock his lordship then re-entered the court.

The jury having taken their places, Baron Greene said—Gentlemen, I have sent to you to know if you have agreed to a verdict?

Foreman—We have not, my lord, nor is there any chance of an agreement.

Baron Greene—I am sorry, gentlemen, I cannot do anything at present. You must retire again to your room and consider the matter.

A Juror—We have tried on several occasions to argue the matter between ourselves, but there is no use.

Baron Greene—I say again, gentlemen, that I am very sorry, but you must retire.

Foreman—I do not think the Crown ought to send us back.

A Third Juror—There are ten of the jury quite unanimous, but two hold out.

A Fourth Juror (Mr. Myles) in an under tone—The Crown are themselves to blame for putting on the jury people who are not entitled to be on, and who are little better than the prisoners.

Baron Greene—I must direct you to retire. I have not the power in point of law to discharge you now.

The jury retired.

THE BROTHERS MURPHY.

Daniel and Joseph Murphy were then placed at the bar.

Baron Greene addressing them, said—You have been guilty of contempt of court about giving evidence which you had sworn on the table to give. I have made an order for your committal for that contempt for the space of six calendar months.

The prisoners were then removed in custody.

The jury were, after an interval of a few minutes, again called out at half-past twelve o'clock, and Baron Greene said—He supposed they were not yet agreed.

Foreman—No, my lord.

Baron Greene—That is all I have to add, gentlemen.

Dr. Crump received permission from Baron Greene to see one of the jury, who required him, his lordship directing that Dr. Crump should not speak to the person, except on the one subject, and that he should let him know his report of him.

Dr. Crump was sworn, and stated that a juror had symptoms of fever, and further confinement might bring on fever.

The jury were discharged, and the court adjourned to the 30th March.

HOME MISCELLANY.

HURLING MATCH IN BRANTFORD, C. W.—The sons of Ireland in Brantford did not forget to commemorate the anniversary of their Patron Saint. Although there was no public dinner on the occasion, a large number assembled on the vacant ground adjoining the residence of Joseph Dalton, Esq., and entered manfully into the healthy and invigorating game of Hurling—a game peculiar to Ireland, and which is so well understood and played, more particularly in the country parts. The "boys"—both old and young—appeared to enter into the game with much spirit, and right well did both sides perform their part. We noticed quite a number of spectators on the ground, apparently much delighted with the performance. The match was played by married men against the single—23 on each side—the married men ably managed by Joseph Dalton, Esq.; and the single men equally as well by Mr. Wm. Ryan. On the married side Mr. Joseph Dalton played admirably, and handled his "hurley" as if he well understood its use—and no doubt he did good service with it on similar occasions, in his native land. We have also the same to say of Mr. Ryan, who had the management of the single men, he was active and used his "hurley" to good advantage. Also Mr. Carton, Mr. Dunn, Mr. James Quinlan and others did well on the married side—and a single man named Barlow was active and did good service. Where all performed their part so well, it would be superfluous in us to individualize any further. The play was well contested, and resulted in being a drawn game, and is to be played over again on next Easter Monday, on the same ground, when we expect to have some rare sport. On the conclusion of the game a number of gentlemen adjourned to the residence of J. Dalton, Esq., where the day was brought to a close in a jovial and happy manner—for which the company are much indebted to Mr. Dalton, (who is a true hearted Irishman), and his obliging lady. We trust that this little meeting will have the effect of cementing Irishmen of all classes and creeds more closely together in Brantford.—*Courier.*

MANUFACTURE OF STRAW BONNETS.—Hon. Wm. R. Staples lately read an interesting paper on this subject, before the Rhode Island Historical Society. He said: The straw business begun very early in Tuscany and some of the States of Italy. Bonnets and hats of this material were imported ready made into England. Subsequently they were made an article of export to the American colonies, and were kept for sale in Providence. In the latter part of the last century, Mrs. Naomi Whippler, wife of Col. John Whippler, who kept a store at the foot of Constitution Hill, North Main street, was celebrated for the taste she displayed in trimming hats, caps and bonnets. The braiding of straw in this country was first begun in Providence, in 1798, by Mrs. Betsy Baker, daughter of the late Joel Metcalf, and now residing in Dedham, Mass. Some idea may be formed of the extent to which the business has been carried, by the fact, that in 1855, according to returns made, 3 326,000 straw bonnets were manufactured in Massachusetts, employing about 9 000 females. In the year ending June 30, 1858, raw and manufactured straw materials to the value of $2,246,928 were imported into the United States.

A DISTRESSING SIGHT.—Last week in Baltimore, a well dressed female, with a prepossessing appearance, apparently about twenty-five or thirty years of age, suddenly fell to the pavement on the corner of Gay and Saratoga streets. An officer procured assistance and had her removed to the station house, where it was found she was suffering from a fit, to which she is subjected. When she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she stated her name was Mary Levant, and that her husband and five children lost their lives by the burning of the ill-fated steamer Austria. Her description of that appalling scene was touching in the extreme. She saw her husband perish while endeavoring to secure something whereby he might be enabled to keep his family afloat in the water. She was placed in a boat while the children, the youngest scarcely three years of age, shared the fate of their father. Through the kindness of the passengers she was enabled to reach Baltimore, where she has been enabled to earn a subsistence. She speaks fluently the original Irish, French and Italian languages. Every attention was paid her while in the station house; for want of a better home she was sent to the almshouse.

COLLISION ON THE OHIO—SHOCKING LOSS OF LIFE.—The steamer Nat. Holmes bound from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, with 150 passengers, mostly emigrants to Pike's Peak, came in collision with the steamer David Gibson, bound from New Orleans to Cincinnati, with a cargo of sugar and molasses, opposite Aurora, Ind., on Monday night, 27th ult. Both boats sunk, and the cabins floated off. Fifteen or twenty persons are supposed to have been lost on the Nat. Holmes, and indeed, one account says that only one hundred of her passengers were saved. The David Gibson had but few passengers, who are supposed to have been saved; but two or three of the crew are missing. The Gibson was owned at Cincinnati, and valued at $18,000, and insured for two-thirds that amount. The Holmes was owned in Pittsburgh, and valued at $10,000. Later intelligence says: "The Nat. Holmes had 86 passengers, 43 of whom are lost. The survivors lost nearly all their clothing, and $15,000 in money. The total loss on both boats, and their cargoes, is about $300,000, and the insurance $175,000."

HOW DOES YOUR FARM PAY?—A very important question this, which every farmer should be able to answer with a good degree of definiteness. It is not enough to know that one is getting along in a general way, without knowing what part of the farm is profitable and what not. It is possible to know how much profit there is in raising and fattening a steer, how much in a field of corn or wheat, how much in the annual produce of the whole farm. A good way to do this, is to keep an account with thefarm from the beginning to the end of the year. Under the head of debtor, put down the interest on the cost of the farm, the money paid out for new buildings, fences, drains, for manures bought, for implements, seeds, live stock, hired labor, taxes, &c., in short, all the necessary expenses of carrying on a farm for one year. Then on the credit side put down all that the farm produces for home consumption and for market, and all that is added to its real value in the way of improvements. If it supports a family comfortably, besides furnishing something to be expended in improvements, it is undoubtedly paying well. And if, besides this generai profit, each crop and each animal raised affords a clear and known profit, the farmer is doing well, and he knows how it comes to pass.—*American Agriculturist.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHURCH SLEEPERS.—A writer in the *Pacific*, after discussing the various positions in vogue for sleeping in church, says: "The only through pious way of performing the important duty of sleeping in church is, to sit bolt upright with the face to the minister, eschewing nodding, snoring, and depressions of the head. Now, Christian brethren with long necks object to this mode of worship because of their inability to maintain the head erect when the will is lost in sleep. I admit the force of this objection—indeed have felt the evil myself, and hence it occurs to me that some apparatus for the support of the head, such as the barbers have on the backs of their chairs, might be fixed on the pews. These aids to worship might be movable, fastening on the pew with a clamp; and when one worshipper is through with his devotions, the machine might be slid along to another. When the service is ended, the sleeping Christian could take his Bible and Psalm-book under one arm, this little aid to devotion under the other, and wend his way home, well satisfied that he has performed his duty in a plain, worthy and decent manner."

DEATH OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE WYOMING MASSACRE.—At Browntown, Wyalusing, March 3d, died Capt. Daniel Brown, aged 88 years 5 months and 26 days. Thomas, the father of Daniel Brown, settled in the Valley of Wyoming; he was the father of twenty-one children, of whom Daniel was the last survivor, and two of whom, Thomas and John, were killed at the massacre. After General Sullivan's expedition in 1779 against the Indians, Thomas Brown with his family returned to Wyoming. Some few years afterwards Humphrey and Daniel settled at Wyolusing near the place occupied by the Moravians in 1765. Daniel Brown continued to live on the same place first settled by him until his death, and he is supposed to be the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre. He was the ancestor of 16 children, 71 grandchildren, 44 great-grandchildren. He was a plain, practical, temperate man.—*Brad, Pa., Reporter.*

OLD SONGS.—To him who possesses any music in his soul, or who is capable of being touched by the linked notes of melody, we need not speak of the power of some well-known and familiar strains, in summoning from realms of memory the varied associations of the past. It is like the influence of the electric fluid, and brightens and renders visible the whole chain of kindred recollections. Every note seems to recall some well-known face—every word brings back some half-forgotten sentiment or emotion; and the scenes of the past, with all their objects of departed interest, pleasure or hope, are presented to the mind with a kind of horoscopic minuteness. How often have we at such a moment blessed the man who first invented music—but, above all, the authors of those old and popular airs whose notes have so frequently sent the words to which they are set with an indefinable and magic thrill to our inmost heart.—*Phil. Press.*

EMBOUCHURE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—The Mississippi is shown, by Sir C. Lysle, to carry earth below New Orleans to the amount, each year, of a hundred and thirty-seven millions of cubic yards. As a consequence of the above, new land is continually forming at the mouth of the river. Mr. Rogers, in his report on the geology of North America, says that, as an example of the rate at which this formation is proceeding, the old Balize, erected at the mouth of the river about 1774, was, in 1834, two miles above it. There was not at that time the smallest appearance of the island on which, forty-two years after, Ulloa caused barracks to be raised for pilots, and now known as the new Balize. The rate of advance has been ninety-six feet a year.

THE BANKS OF THE UNITED STATES.—A report just made to the Secratary of the Treasury at Washington gives statistics of banks, comprising pretty much all of those institutions in the United States. The number of banks in 1857 were 1,416; in 1858, 1 422; in 1859, 1,476. The whole capital is $401 000,000 in 1859, against $370,000,000 in 1857. The specie is $104,000,000 in 1859, against $58,000 000 in 1857. The loans and discounts in 1859 were $655,000,000, against 684,000,000 in 1857. The circulation was $193,000,000 in 1857, against $214,000,099 in 1858.

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.—It is one of the besetting sins of the young men of this extravagant and indolent age to endeavor to get rid of work—to seek for easy and lazy employment—and the consequence is that many of them turn out to be worthless vagabonds. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot; banish from your bosom the dangerous desire to live without work. Labor is honorable, dignified; it is the parent of health, wealth and happiness; look upon it as an invaluable blessing, and never as a burden and a curse. Shun idleness and sloth; pursue the same honest calling and do not be ashamed to be useful.

THE LAST WORDS OF A KNOW-NOTHING.—The Wabash (La.) *Gazette* gives a vivid description of the last moments and execution of John Hubbard, who was executed on the 19th ult., for one of the most atrocious and wholesale murders that has blackened the criminal records of our country. When leaving the prison for the scaffold, he used these words to express his religious and political sentiments: "In my death Know-Nothingism will lose a friend, and the Pope of Rome an enemy."

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE TO DENMARK.—The single rate of letter postage between the United States and the Kingdom of Denmark, *by the Bremen or Hamburgh mail*, has been reduced from twenty-five to fifteen cents; pre-payment being optional, as heretofore. This reduction goes into effect immediately, and is the result of a recent reduced rate of German and Danish postage to five cents the single letter on American correspondence transmitted via Hamburg or Bremen.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.—The citizens of Bloomington are making arrangements for giving William Smith O'Brien a public reception in that city. Mr. O'Brien will be in St. Louis between the 1st and 10th of April, and it is to be hoped that he can be also induced to stop in this city, where his patriotism and his sufferings in the great cause of human liberty are well known by our native as well as our adopted citizens.—*Illinois (Springfield) State Journal.*

RETURN OF HUNGARIAN REFUGEES.—A considerable number of Hungarian refugees, who arrived in this country soon after the disastrous revolution of 1848, ending with the capture of the celebrated fortress of Comorn, have recently asked and received an amnesty from the Austrian Government, and are about leaving the United States and returning to their native country. A number of them are men of property and intelligence.

DEATH OF AN EX-GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.—Ex-Governor David Campbell, of Virginia, died in Abingdon, Virginia, on the 19th ult., aged eighty years. The deceased was a major in the twelfth regiment United States Infantry during the war with Great Britain, and served with great credit on the Northern frontier. He was a gentleman of fine traits of character, and enjoyed largely the respect and esteem of the community in which he lived.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—We understand one of our largest manufacturing firms, which employs quite a large number of laborers, has recently adopted the rule that no liquor shall be allowed on their works, and that in case a workman gets intoxicated he shall immediately be discharged. This will have a beneficial effect, and the example is worthy of imitation. —*Glens Falls (N.Y.) Republican.*

A JAIL OF SOLID ROCK.—The people of Calhoun County, Alabama, are building a jail, the first story of which is to be of solid rock, and no rock allowed therein less than three feet long, three feet wide, and eighteen inches thick. Every rock in the dungeon is to dowled and the outside all hammer-faced. The lower story is divided into three rooms—one a dungeon, one for debtors, and one for females.

TRADE OF MONTREAL.—The total value of goods imported at the Port of Montreal during the month of February was $704 010, being an increase of $430,209 as compared with February, 1858, when the total value of the imports was only $273,801. The imports at Montreal for the first two months of 1859 exceed those for the corresponding period of 1858 by $602,902.

MORMONS.—The Utah correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* has taken notes of the social status of that Territory. The results foot up as follows: Three hundred and eighty-seven men with seven or more wives; of these thirteen have more than nineteen wives; 730 men with five wives; 1,100 men with four, and 1,400 with more than one wife.

A STATE IN MOURNING.—The New Orleans *Picayune* speaks of Louisiana as a "State in mourning," consequent upon the explosion of the steamer Princess. It says "there is scarcely a community from which some one of the lost is not missing, or to it known by his social virtues."

A LONG COURTSHIP.—Married, in Iredell County, by Jacob Fraley, Esq., on the 20th of January last, after a close courtship of twenty-three years, Mr. Reuben Barbour and Miss Sarah Thompson, both aged about sixty years. —*Iredell (N. C.) Express.*

PICTURES.—At a recent sale in Charleston, Washington Allston's "Spulatro, or Bloody Hand," a picture two and a half feet by eighteen inches, of which the subject is from one of Mrs. Radcliff's novels, brought $3,011.

The Montreal papers inform us that the Victoria bridge is expected to be completed by next October, when the most imposing celebration, perhaps, that has ever taken place on this continent, will be held there in honor of the event.

The celebration of the introduction of water in Brooklyn is to take place on the 27th of April. The plan agreed upon is as follows: 1st, a national salute at sunrise in the Eastern and Western districts; 2d, the ringing of all the bells throughout the city, morning and night; 3d, a fountain in the Western, and another in the Eastern district, to play all day; 4th, fireworks in the evening—the public buildings will be illuminated, and all the citizens are requested to illuminate their houses. A procession of all the military and civic organizations of the city will be formed and paraded through the streets, when appropriate exercises will take place at the City Hall.

Late Central American advices are of unusual interest. M. Belly had arrived in Nicaragua; and immediately after, March 11th, the Government had sent a body of troops to seize the American Transit steamers. The persons in charge were expelled at the point of the bayonet; the American colors hauled down, and the two boats delivered up to M. Belly, who was at once to be put in possession of all the important points on the route. The American Consul was said to have been roughly handled in the course of this business. The intelligence of the ratification of the Ousely Treaties is confirmed.

In Troy, N. Y., a domestic employed at the Union house had her ear perforated for the purpose of wearing earrings. The operation was performed in the usual manner, and with the usual results at the time. On the second day after the piercing, her ears commenced swelling, and she left employment and went home. The third day the swelling and inflammation increased rapidly, when she became deaf, blind and speechless; erysipilis set in, and for three days the unfortunate girl suffered terribly, when death released her.

A man chopping in the woods, near Lexington, Florida, was attacked by a ferocious wolf, which, at the first signal, grasped his victim by the throat. The wife, standing in the door of the house, saw the position of her husband, and, running up, seized his axe, and with one blow upon the back of the wolf so disabled him as to make him release his hold. A few more blows finished him entirely, but not till the wolf had succeeded in cutting the throat of her husband, so that he expired almost immediately.

Mr. Burton, on Saturday week last, gave up to the representatives of the Lafarge estate the lease of the theatre on Broadway, and received in return a quittance for all arrears of rent. The wardrobe, properties, most of the scenery, the green curtain and various other appurtenances, have been removed by Mr. Burton, to whom they belonged. It is, however, possible that some enterprising manager may soon restore it to its pristine splendor.

The Catholic residents of the town of Cromwell, Connecticut, having lately requested that the Catholic Bible be read in their public schools, the committee gave consent. Incensed at this, certain individuals repaired in the night to the houses of the committee, and daubed their doors with lampblack and oil, marking them with crosses, &c., which outrage has created a strong reaction of public opinion.—*Newark Advertiser.*

Ex-President Pierce has written a letter from Sorrento, Naples, in which he says: "I cannot speak with any certainty as to the period of our return, but whether it will be earlier or later, you may be quite sure that I shall, *under no possible circumstances*, consent to the use of my name in a manner calculated to disturb the tranquil pursuits which alone pertain to the life of a private citizen."

A little girl in Cincinnati, when playing "hide and seek" recently with a companion, hid in an old trunk, the lid of which fastened with a clasp. She screamed for help till exhausted, when an alarm was raised by her long absence, and a search made. She was found almost dead from exhaustion of the air. The little sufferer would probably not have lived many minutes longer.

A four hundred dollar cradle is on exhibition at one of the Furniture Stores in Philadelphia. It is made of papier mache, inlaid with pearl, and got up with a degree of splendor exceeding anything of the kind that has yet been presented to an extravagant public. This is worse than gold spoons.

James Wright, a citizen of Conway, N. H., who was fifty-one years old and six feet and six inches high in September, 1858, has grown since then full two inches, and now stands six feet and eight inches high in his shoes.

The street boys of New York have a couplet for the benefit of expansively dressed promenaders. It runs thus:

"Ladies' legs am grown so thin,
Them's forced to wear the crin-o-lin."

The good people of Keokuk, Iowa, are deeply engaged in digging for Indian skeletons. They have already found about forty.

Experiments show that an electrical shock sufficiently powerful to kill an ox may be discharged from a straw.

A granddaughter of the late Thomas H. Benton was married at Calcutta on the 20th of December.

The man who trusts to the last omnibus generally has to walk home.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing more.

Never sport with pain or poverty.

Mildness *governs* better than anger.

NEW YORK TABLET.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,

At the Office, 164 *William Street*,

NEW YORK.

Terms:

Single Copies	6 cents.	
Served by Carrier	$3 00	per year.
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*** All advertisements for insertion in the TABLET should be sent in before Saturday of each week.

*** All Letters and Communications should be addressed, "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William st., New York.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Halifax, N. S.—Your communication about St. Patrick's Day came too late for insertion in the TABLET. We closed our reports of celebrations last week.

Washington, D. C.—You will see that we had an account of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in the TABLET of April 2, which, we presume, is sufficient.

P. M., Lawrence, Mass.—Your communication came too late for this week's TABLET. It will appear next week.

ROCK CITY, Quebec.—We have answered your communication by mail.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

IRELAND AND NAPLES.

AT this late day it seems almost a waste of time and labor to endeavor to make more palpable what every person of ordinary comprehension must have felt long ago—namely, the gross, inconsistencies and unblushing contradictions which characterize the policy of the present and past governments of England. The strange contrast between unlimited professions of liberty abroad and the unvarying practice of oppression at home, have almost ceased to create astonishment. The instances have become so glaring, particularly during the last decade, that the most obtuse among men cannot fail to observe them. There is, however, a recent illustration of the beauties of the English system which is really worthy of mention, were it only from the fact that in cool and unblushing hypocrisy it approaches the dignity of the true sublime.

It is known to our readers that some time since that portion of British statesmen, to the care of whom the well being of Ireland is especially entrusted, discovered—not a mare's nest, but—a Phœnix' nest, a species of ornithological architecture as scarce as the quadruped's. They, in fact, discovered not only one, but several nests of this rare description in different parts of the island, and forthwith they proceeded to entrap the young birds and hand them over to the fatherly care of that proverbially tender-hearted class of men, the Irish jailors. The second-sighted orbs of the Lord Lieutenant easily discovered in the name Phœnix a type of the crushed but ever hopeful race over which he holds sway; while the "law officers of the Crown," with a keen sense of what was due to their sovereign and a disinterested regard for themselves, dexterously traced in the metaphorical ashes to which that self-sacrificing fowl is said to reduce itself, the slumbering embers of rebellion. Valiant policemen, armed with all sorts of weapons, defensive and offensive, stimulated by the hope of an extra shilling per month, were instantly put on the alert, and in a very short time the incipient insurrection was checked, and a number of young men, principally from the humbler walks of life, were dragged from their homes, and, in some cases, from their sick beds, and forced to undergo a long and painful imprisonment. The informer, no mean portion of the motive power which moves the machinery of the "freest and strongest government in the world," is again at his old trade of trafficking in the blood of his kinsmen and neighbors, induced thereto, no doubt, by his ardent love for the British Constitution. So far, the outraged majesty of English law has been vindicated. Now let us reverse the picture.

A few weeks ago the State prisons of Naples were thrown open, and some sixty-seven persons, offenders against the government of King Ferdinand, issued forth involuntary exiles destined for this country. During the voyage across the Atlantic they naturally got tired of their floating prison, and after some parlying with the captain, compelled him to retrace his steps and land them on the Irish coast. Many of them were men as little known as the most obscure members of the Phœnix clubs, and some enjoyed a much less enviable reputation. In purity of motives there was certainly no advantage on their side, and in the practical results of their designs there was a decided similarity. Their crime, if such it may be called, was exactly similar, with this distinction in favor of the victims of English policy—there they were engaged in the oldest and best defined struggle for national independence, which modern history records, while Poerio and his friends contemplated nothing higher than a change in the forms of government.

But right and wrong, it would appear, are only conventional terms with English statesmen. It is time and circumstances which govern all things. A criminal action in Ireland is a virtue in Italy, and while the Neapolitan is overloaded with kindness and feted like a hero, by Peer and Prince, the Irish rebel is beset with all the ingenious contrivances which State-craft, grown hoary in the vices of oppression, can devise. The "Right Worshipful" Mayor of Cork contributes one hundred pounds to the aid of the refugees. Lord John Russell, Viscount Palmerston, and a crowd of lesser lights, eagerly press forward to shew their devotion to the cause of Italian freedom, while the young men whom the policemen and the "stag" ensnared in their toils, await their trial of high treason, happy if they escape the gibbet, to languish out their lives amid the horrors of the penal settlements of Tasmania.

Such is the latest instance of the consistency of that government which wraps itself up in self-sufficiency, and stalks through the world moaning over the crimes of other governments, while perpetrating the darkest, deadliest outrages on the liberties and consciences of its subjects whenever its passions or interests are to be subserved.

MISTAKEN DIPLOMACY.

We are afraid that the venerable gentleman who presides over the destinies of this country and the no less venerable persons who are supposed to man the ship of state, will never earn high positions in the diplomatic world. The American genius is great in many things, it is in fact an inventive, enterprising and expansive genius, fond of new devices and territorial acquisitions, but in the matter of treaties and foreign wars it is evidently at fault. We are more irresistably led to this melancholy conclusion by reading the last news from Central America, and from that pestilential little spot further south called Paraguay.

Central America is evidently the American "difficulty." It is to us what the Italian question is to France and Austria, and the Principalities are to Russia and Turkey. No sooner have we settled affairs down there in one way than *presto* they turn up in a more disagreeable form. We drew up and ratified that lucid and elaborate document called the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and for a long time—several weeks at least—our diplomats at Washington reposed tranquilly on their laurels; when, lo! it was discovered that the stipulations therein contained had no particular meaning whatever, or if they had any meaning at all, it was altogether on the side of our trans-Atlantic Cousins. We next tried what blows would do, soft words having so completely failed, and forthwith the modern apostle of wholesale plunder, William Walker, was despatched with a considerable portion of the rabble of our large cities at his heels. His pathway through Nicaragua, it is too well known, was dyed by the blood of inoffensive men and women, by the pillage of Churches and the smoke of devastated towns, but his revolting career was finally closed, not however till the fair fame of this Republic received a blight which it will take years of care and labor to remove.

From arms we again resorted to words. General Cass, who must believe the pen to be greater than the sword, since he has taken up the one and broken the other, concocted with Yrissari a new treaty which was to give us almost exclusive control over the political fortunes of the people of the Isthmus, but, alas! for the wisdom of statesmen, the treaty has not only not been ratified by Mr. Yrissari's constituents, but it has been so altered and patched up that its original features are nearly all obliterated. In the meanwhile, Sir Gore Ouseley comes from England to Washington full of smiles and gentle speeches. He, too, has a treaty which he confidentially displays to the gratified eyes of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet; a treaty in which England agrees to abandon the Mosquito protectorate and do several other amiable things rather unusual in that not over-scrupulous nation. It is even said that his good offices on behalf of the Cass-Yrissari Treaty are volunteered and accepted. Never was an English agent so liberal and fair-minded; he is a perfect paragon of honor and good faith, and "society" at the Federal Capitol is in ecstacies of delight. Amid affectionate adieus Sir Gore goes off to Central America, and the next news we hear of him is, that having first stricken out all the clauses of his treaty favorable to us, he forthwith procures its ratification, and is now probably on his return homeward to receive the reward of his success; while the darling project of the Secretary of State is just as far as ever from adoption. When this dismal intelligence reached Washington the Cabinet, we are told by the telegraph, were hastily called together, and, as usual, separated without any definite result. It was resolved that American interests must be protected, but in what manner or with what means does not clearly appear. A new treaty, perhaps, or more likely a renewed dose of the fillibuster infliction.

As to Paraguay, our readers will remember the great preparations made some time since to fit out an expedition of superannuated vessels to bring President Lopez to terms. Well, the ill-assorted squadron, after sundry mishaps, has succeeded in doubling Cape Horn, and is now scattered among the ports of the South Pacific. Commissioner Bowlin, who accompanied it, in the capacity of negociator, has had an interview not with the chief offender, Lopez, but with sundry persons from Paraguay and the neighboring States; has been induced by threats and fine promises to refrain from entering on the performance of his duties, and actually consented to open negociations in the town of Corrientes, within the jurisdiction of the Argentine Republic. What makes the whole proceeding so sublimely comical is, that though Mr. Bowlin and his fleet were dispatched with all possible haste, the worthy Olive Branch bearer has agreed to allow *thirty days* to elapse before the preliminaries for a settlement are to be offered on either side. Thus is the public money of the nation squandered by fruitless delays, and the moral effect of the presence of our vessels in the Pacific entirely lost. Is it any wonder that our citizens are insulted with impunity and our flag hauled down by every petty potentate, and wretched little Republic? If our rulers at Washington can devise no better means of justifying the national honor than by sending such men as Bowlin and Lamar to the people of Spanish America, they had better do nothing at all. Such men are better calculated to excite hostility than promote peace and international harmony.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM IN THE FRIGID ZONE.

THE paltriest piece of deputized insolence of which we have heard of late, is that perpetrated by Governor Douglas, in that out-of-the-way region, British Columbia. On the 22d of February, the Anniversary of Washington's Birthday, an occasion which all good men on this continent, at least, delight to honor, the American residents of Victoria resolved to show their respect for the memory of the Father of His Country, by the usual public rejoicing. This it appears did not meet the views of the Governor. Personally, he had a great regard for "General Washington," as he graciously condescended to tell the celebrants in his ill-conceived and shallow letter to them; but, officially, he was altogether opposed to any display. Puffed up to greatness, we suppose, by the wide scope of his Pro-Consulate, his aristocratic stomach revolted against such a course, and accordingly the Americans were compelled, much against their will, to confine their patriotic demonstrations within the walls of their own homes.

Now it is a well known fact that in all the cities of the United States, public demonstrations on peculiar occasions are not only tolerated, but very often receive marked official countenance. Governors, Senators, Mayors and Corporations, not unfrequently, lend the weight of their authority to grace such occasions, and no one offers an objection except an odd fanatic or empty minded person here and there. Even Queen Victoria, Governor Douglass' royal mistress, has her annual complimentary festival, when any amount of loyal toasts and speeches, altogether opposed to our ideas of sound sense and right reason, are ventilated. And if our loyal fellow-citizens, the British residents of New York, do not form processions and fire off canons, in commemoration of the natal day of their sovereign, it is mainly because their numbers are not equal to their enthusiasm. Then, too, that curious collection of beings called the American, Protestant Association, who, by an unaccountable obliquity of perception, really believe that Derry was besieged, and that Washington is best honored by drinking the health of William of Orange—they, too, are allowed annually to dress up their ranks and amuse the idle denizens of Broadway by their variegated uniform and dilapidated appearance. International courtesy and common prudence unite in favor of allowing every class of citizens the right of free action in all such cases.

But Gov. Douglass, it would seem, has different notions. Whether it is the result of a long continued servitude under the Hudson Bay Company, during which cheating the stolid aborigines of the north out of their furs and paltry formed his chief occupation; or that with a perversity of intellect often exhibited by his countrymen when away from home, or from what cause soever, he has certainly forgotten what is due not only to ordinary civility, but to good policy. We have no desire to excite any spirit of retaliation here; far from it; but we trust that, next month, when Americans are asked to participate in English social celebrations, they will not forget the insult which has been offered to their friends in Victoria. If colonial governors have the bad taste to repress the ebullition of the best feelings of our nature, the sooner it is understood the better, and the sooner, we trust, will these gentlemen be made to feel the necessity of a change.

NEWS FROM THE JERSIES.—We are informed by telegraph that the Common Council of Newark have refused by a tie vote of 11 to 11 to appropriate one-third of the proceeds of a fund for the support of orphan children to the Roman Catholic Asylum of that city. Considering that the R. C. O. A. saves Newark annually several thousand dollars, we look upon this decision as not only a despicable act of bigotry, but very shortsighted and impolitic. However there is no accounting for tastes, more especially when it is New Jersey taste.

THE BOBADILIAN METHOD OF DECLARING WAR.

The rumors of approaching war in Europe —so rife in the American journals—have drawn into prominence a great supply of military talent, which, but for them, might forever remain in a glorious obscurity. The way in which the journalists lay bare the innermost secrets of the European cabinets, and draw out plans of campaigns with a precision and celerity worthy field marshals, at least, ought to be fruitful subjects of congratulation to the lovers of the art military. The *Sunday Times*, in particular, is exceedingly happy in this department; its appreciation of the srength and temper of the belligerent nations is wonderful, while its speculations thereon have all the charms of romance. In the last number of that journal its readers are treated to the following dramatic statement of what is more than likely to occur in Sardinia:

In the present exasperated state of Italian feeling, we may easily imagine, and imagine probably no more than the truth, how many a Sardinian sentinel marches up and down on his beat, scowling at the hated "Tedesco" in a white coat parading up and down almost within striking distance of him. He has only to "bite his thumb," and the Austrian growls. He need but call him "Porco," and the phlegmatic Sclave loses his balance and becomes furious. He brings his piece to the charge, and remarks what a large amount of pleasure it would afford him to give the Sardinian a few inches of cold steel. He says this, to himself, at the top of his voice. The Sardinian replies in a similar strain of benevolent soliloquy; begs he won't baulk himself of any such pleasure on his account; and, by way of exasperating him, brings *his* piece to his right shoulder, and takes a sight at "Porco" along it. Just then a very singular accident occurs. Pop, pop, go a couple of muskets. The drum beats on both sides the line. The main guard turn out in a hurry, and come rattling down to the spot at charging pace. Bayonets cross, a dropping fire commences, the regiments within supporting distance are moved up with double quick, and a pretty little skirmish opens the war. The difficulty then stands solved! War is not declared; it exists. Both sides accuse each other of taking the initiative in hostilities. With the courtly circumlocution of great folk, each says "You're another," and the campaign is opened. Reynaud's fighting division breaks up in a hurry from Lyons to cover the flank of the Piedmontese. The Emperor does what he is longing to do—takes the field in person, and the war becomes European.

If we had the hardihood to add a word to the above we would like to ask the gallant writer whether the "Tedesco" in question fixes his bayonet before he intends to treat his much-hated rival to a few inches of cold steel, or after discharging his piece, if he intends to follow up the track of the bullet by inserting the barrel of the musket in the aperture. Also, whether Sardinian soldiers are in the habit of indulging in soliloquies at the top of his voice. These trifling matters settled we are prepared for the simultaneous discharge of two guns, and the grand tableaux that follows.

Law *v.* Justice.—Mr. Michael Cumeens is an unfortunate man, he owns a wife, four children, and is a Catholic to boot. Mrs. Cumeens is not a Catholic, but a strong-minded female of the "Protestant persuasion," whose parents live in the enlightened State of Jersey. Instigated, it is said, by her parents, and no doubt also by that spirit of conversion which is so epidemic among a certain class of our citizens, Mrs. C. captured her children and carried them across the Hudson River. Mr. Cumeens, deluded man, thought he had some claims to the custody of his offspring, and to test his convictions he brought his case before the Supreme Court of this district, on a writ of *habeus corpus*. Mr. C., however, was mistaken, the law that used to be associated with justice, and of which he probably heard years ago, has been altogether changed, to suit the progress of the times. He being a Catholic father has no right whatever, in the premises, according to Judge Clerke, and his dear but rebellious spouse retires from the contest victorious, bringing with her, of course, the little Cumeens. Such is modern justice, as administered in New York.

Conversions.—The New Orleans *Catholic Standard* says that seven converts, all adults, abjured the errors of Protestantism on Sunday, March the 20th, and were received into the bosom of the Catholic Church by the Rev. Father McCrane, Pastor of Saint Alphonsus' Church, N. O.

THE MARYLAND PILGRIMS.

We copy the following article from the Baltimore *Mirror* with great pleasure. We desire only to add our mite of reprobation of that feeble and forgetful spirit which supinely neglects or cowardly refuses to honor the memory of the heroic men who first planted on the soil of this continent true principles of civil and religious freedom. An occasion so full of national importance ought never to be overlooked in any of the States of the Union, but in Maryland especially, and we trust that our friend of the *Mirror* will never again have to chronicle so inglorious a disregard for the memory of its founders:

The anniversary of the landing of the Catholic Pilgrims on the soil of Maryland has passed, and no public celebration took place to remind us of that great historical fact. Why is this? Are we unable to appreciate the glory won by our pilgrim fathers? or, are we unwilling to give them the meed of praise to which they are eminently entitled, as the pioneers of religious freedom, and the initiators, on this continent, of a humane and just treatment of the Indian race? We cannot believe either. Why then has the 25th of March been suffered to come and go without even a feeble effort being made to call public attention to the important event of which it is the anniversary? For it was on the festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the year of our Lord 1634, that the Maryland Pilgrims left their ships, took possession of their new home, planted an immense Cross on St. Clement's Island, in the Chesapeake, and offered up for the first time the Holy Sacrifice of Mass. It cannot be that we desire to conceal the deeds of our forefathers, or that we prefer to leave to others the perpetuation of their fame. It is the manifest duty of us Catholics to rescue from present comparative oblivion the bright pages of history that record the high-toned principles and noble works of our Catholic ancestors. By this we would gather honor to ourselves, and conciliate good feeling to our religion. See how zealous are the New Englanders in yearly celebrating the landing of the Puritans on the rock of Plymouth; yet their history is dim, compared to that of the founders of the colony at St. Mary's. It is not enough for us once in a long period to make a faint display on some arbitrary day; it should be *annual*, and on the *anniversary*—it should be one of our regular institutions. It should not be left to form a mere holiday sport for our college boys; it should not be degraded into a last resort for some of our societies to turn a penny; it should be general, and participated in by the great body of our people. We will look with some anxiety to see whether or not we shall have spirit enough by the next 25th day of March, to prove to the world that we are not "Degenerate sons of noble sires."

Progress of the Faith.—Our European files contain very interesting accounts of the visit of an embassy from the King of Tigre and Semen, in Abyssinia, to his Holiness the Pope. The embassy consisted of Prince Ghiorgis, brother to the King, and suit, including a chaplain and interpreter. An account of the reception which the Holy Father accorded to the distinguished strangers will be found on our fourth page. It appears that since the advent of Monseignor Joseph Sapeto, Missionary Apostolic in Eastern Africa, the great masses of the inhabitants of that semi-barbarous region have abandoned their old pagan and judaical opinions and become true Christians. The mission of Prince Ghiorgis seems to confirm this assertion and leave little doubt of its veracity.

Civic Festivities. — Our worthy fellow-citizens of Brooklyn are making preparations on a magnificent scale for the celebration on the 27th inst., of the introduction of the Nassau water through their streets. A little money could not be spent for a better purpose, and the advantages of an abundant supply of pure water to the health and security of our neighbors can scarcely be over-estimated. We see that proposals for an Ode in honor of the occasion is advertised, and we therefore warn all the poets to be on the alert. Three local editors are to constitute the triumvirate before whom the productions are to be arryed in judgment, and we have no doubt they will act with good taste and impartiality.

Turning the Tables.—At the request of the Catholic inhabitants of Cromwell, Conn., the school committee of that village consented that the Catholic Bible should be read in the schools as well as the Protestant version. For this act of common justice, we learn that the doors of the houses occupied by the liberal committee men were smeared with mud and filth the following night, and crosses daubed over the windows and walls. This disgraceful conduct, however, recoiled on the perpetrators, and now the triumph of the Catholics is more complete than ever.

[Specially reported for the N. Y. Tablet.]

BISHOP BAYLEY AT FORT LEE, N. J.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Newark, N. J., visited Fort Lee on Sunday last, for the purpose of laying the corner-stone of a new Church at that place, but in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, the ceremony was postponed until after Easter. The site of the new Church is upon a hill commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding neighborhood. The ground upon which it is to be erected has been donated by Dr. H. J. Anderson, who has of late become a resident of that neighborhood.

The congregation was organized, for the first time, on the 6th of February, and an Altar was erected in a room in Dr. Anderson's house, where since that time Mass has been celebrated, and Vespers regularly sung. The congregation is under the charge of the Rev. Francis Anelli, who has been installed pastor. A Sunday and Day School have also been established and already forty pupils are in attendance.

In the morning the Right Rev. Bishop Bayley celebrated a Low Mass, after which he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about fifty persons. Before giving the sacrament to to them, he addressed them in explanation of the nature of what they were about to receive; they were about to receive a most important sacrament, which would strengthen them in the faith. He paid a just tribute to the generosity of Dr. Anderson, for his liberal donation of the land upon which the new Church is to be built. He also alluded to the zeal and ability of their pastor, Father Anelli. After confirmation, Father Anelli celebrated High Mass, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Orsenigo and Grady as Deacon and Sub-deacon.

After the Gospel, the Bishop delivered a discourse taking as his text the miracle Christ performed in "Stilling the Tempest." He showed that all the words and actions as written in the Gospels were selected especially on account of their importance, and that they had a prophetic character as to the future history of the Church upon earth. He said that from this point of view the fact that the boat used by our Lord in the Sea of Galliee belonged to Peter—that in it our Lord took refuge from the crowd—from it He preached to the people —that out of the sea, in obedience to His command, the miraculous draught of fishes were taken—were all significant and prophetic of St. Peter's future position in the Church. He mentioned the fact that no mission had ever succeeded since the days of the Apostles, except those organized under the auspices of the Catholic Church. That from her had gone those who had converted England, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Germany, &c.—that her missions were alone successful in modern times—that fishing for souls to be successful must be out of Peter's bark, and under Peter's authority. He concluded by urging as a practical application of these truths, faithful adherence to the Catholic Church, obedience to her teachings and precepts, that so abiding in the bark of Peter by Faith and Charity, they might, under the auspices of Peter's Master, arrive at the haven of eternal happiness.

The new Church is to be called the Church of the Madona, and the design is of the Gothic style of the 13th century, and will be built of the blue trap rock found in the vicinity; the trimmings will be of brown sandstone, and the design will present a tower and spire of 100 feet It will seat about 500 persons, being 40 by 60 in the clear; the roof will be an open timber one, and in keeping with the style of the building. The plastering of the interior will be laid off in blocks, in imitation of stone. The sanctuary will be finished with columns and arched mouldings in conformity to the general design. The grounds surrounding will be handsomely laid out, and a portion appropriated for a cemetery. The whole is from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. J. E. Burke, of New York.

Declines.—The Memphis (Tenn.) *Bulletin* says that it understands that the Rev. T. L. Grace, of whose appointment as Bishop of St. Paul we mentioned in last week's Tablet, has declined the appointment, and that reasons are urged for his non-removal from his present field of labor. The *Bulletin* adds: "We trust they may be received; for both Catholic and Protestant citizens would deeply regret his removal from among us."

We are compelled to omit our Paris Letter this week in order to publish a page of Music.

English Officials Abroad.—In reply to a question put by a member of the House of Commons at a late session of that body, Sir E. B. Lytton, on behalf of the government, made the following statement:

A commission has been appointed to inquire into the charges against Mr. Caldwell for a participation in the profits of piracy at Kong Kong, and the despatch which had been received fully acquitted that gentleman. During the trial of the Queen *v.* William Tarrant, which took place at Kong Kong, in which it was sworn that certain papers implicating Mr. Caldwell had been destroyed by order of Dr. Bridges, something had transpired that induced the Government to suspend Mr. Chisholm Anstey, the Attorney-General of the colony. Dr. Bridges was not in the colonial service at present, and therefore Government had no control over him. Sir John Bowring's tenure of office had expired, and he had given directions to his successor to institute an inquiry into the conduct of the Government officials at Kong Kong, amongst whom it appeared that there was a great laxity in the discharge of their duty.

An Aged Suicide.—Captain John H. Weber, an aged man of 80 years, committed suicide at Bellevue, Iowa, by cutting his throat with a razor, on the 7th inst. At an early day he was United States Land Agent at Galena, and had been agent for the Hudson's Bay Company. It is said that he was the first white man who looked on Great Salt Lake. He was an infidel, and for many years declared his determination to take his own life.

We copy the above from a western paper as a specimen of what almost every day brings forth in some portion or other of this country. The spread of infidelity, spiritualism, and practical paganism, is making fearful inroads on the lives as well as the morals of this community. Is there no remedy?

We learn by our European exchanges that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Conolly, Catholic Bishop of St. John, N. B., has been elevated to the Archiepiscopal See of Halifax, made vacant by the recent decease of Archbishop Walsh.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Travelling Agents.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. Michael Phelan, will call on our Subscribers this and following weeks in Plattsburg, Keeseville, Burlington, Clintonville, Ticonderoga, Sandy Hill, Glenn's Falls, Fort Edward, Schuylerville, Saratoga Springs, Balston Spa, Lansingburgh, Cohoes, Schenectady, Troy, &c., collecting and canvassing for the Tablet. We hope our friends in those places will be ready to pay their accounts, and aid Mr. Phelan in getting new subscribers.

Mr. Michael Falvey will visit Columbus, Delaware, Chillicothe, Circleville, Lancaster, Piqua, Sydney, Somerset, Ohio; and Indianapolis, Huntington, Lafayette, Laporte, Logansburgh and Fort Wayne, Indiana, collecting and canvassing for the Tablet.

Mr. Peter Kirwan will visit the several towns in the vicinity of Dubuque, Iowa, canvassing and collecting for the Tablet. Mr. Kirwan is fully authorized to act as Agent for the Tablet in all the places he may visit.

Mr. W. G. Comerford will visit Portsmouth, and all towns on the Ohio River, canvassing and collecting for the Tablet.

La Fayette, Ind.—Mr. John B. Spellman has opened a new Catholic Bookstore in the above place, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of Catholic Books. Mr. Spellman will also act as Agent for the Tablet. Persons wishing to subscribe can leave their name and subscription with Mr. Spellman.

Now Ready—First Volume of the New York Tablet, with Portrait of Archbishop Hughes, handsomely bound, containing Personal Recollections of O'Connell, by O'Neill Daunt; Elinor Preston, Maureen Dhu, &c., by Mrs. J. Sadlier; with all the current events of the past year, being a complete History of 1857-8. Price $2 50.

The Tablet in Jersey City.—Persons in Jersey City, wishing to have the Tablet left at their residences, can have it delivered to them regularly by leaving their name and address with Mr. John C. Clarke, Bookseller and Stationer, 24 Newark avenue. Jersey City.

The New York Tablet and *Brownson's Review* only Five Dollars per year, payable in advance.

Kingston, C. W.—Our local agent, Mr. Brophy, has on hand a good supply of our books for sale, at the regular prices.

Mr. Thomas Flynn, proprietor of the *Mail*, keeps the Tablet for sale. Persons wishing to buy it weekly can procure it of Mr. Flynn.

A Card.—O. E. Duffy, Catholic Bookseller and Stationer, Agent for all the Catholic papers. The New York Tablet always for sale, at No. 429 E street, one door west of Seventh, Washington, D. C.

Literature.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 Chestnut street. 1859.

We have received from the Messrs. Peterson, Rob Roy, Ivanhoe, and Guy Mannering, being the three first volumes of their new and cheap edition of Sir Walter Scott's Works. The works of Scott are so well known and appreciated that a critical notice of them is at this day unnecessary.

The present edition is reprinted from the last Edinburgh Edition, and will be completed in twenty-six volumes, at the exceedingly low price of twenty-five cents per volume, or a complete set for five dollars. This is placing the works of Scott within the reach of every one. A volume appears every week.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF KIT CARSON, the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains, from facts narrated by himself. By DeWITT C. PETERS, M.D. Illustrated. New York: W. R. C. CLARK & Co., 348 Broadway. 1858.

Our readers, particularly the more juvenile portion, are already familiar with some of the striking episodes in the life of the great trapper, Kit Carson, which they have found worked up by the fiction-mongers into "hasty plates" of romance. They will, we are sure, be gratified at having an authentic account of the life of this extraordinary man, compiled from the facts related by himself. Dr. Peters, to whom the public are indebted for this record of the wonderful Kit's adventures, has performed his task in a very creditable manner. The book is written in a very fair and impartial spirit.

Speaking of Father De Smidt, the celebrated missionary among the Indians, the writer says:

"Perhaps there never was a person in the wilds of America who became so universally beloved both by the white and red man. While in the mountains he acted with untiring zeal for the good of all with whom he came into contact. Wherever duty called him, there he was sure to be found, no matter what the obstacles or dangers spread upon his path. He worked, during a long series of years, in these dangerous localities, and accomplished much good. When, at last, he returned to civilization, he left an indelible name behind him."

In another portion of the work the author thus bears testimony to the zeal and efforts of the Catholic missionaries:

"It cannot be denied that the Catholic religion has been the purer system in the far West, and that in the hands of good and pure men it has done much praiseworthy work, and has set an example which other creeds might and ought to follow."

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW. April, 1859.

We have only time to glance at this number of the *Review*. The first article is on "The Church and the Revolution," being a continuation of the "Conversations of our Club;" the second one is entitled: "Politics at Home and Abroad;" the third is on "The Mortara Case;" the fourth, "Religious Controversy;" and the fifth a review of "Pere Felix' Work on Progress." We shall notice the *Review* in a future number of the TABLET.

THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S MAGAZINE for March. Baltimore: JOHN MURPHY & Co.

We have noticed this Magazine so often, and recommended it to parents, that any notice of it at present is unnecessary, except to say that the present number is in keeping with the past ones. It deserves to be widely circulated.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. April, 1859. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.

The April number of the *Atlantic* keeps pace with the past numbers. It contains a notice of "Palfrey's and Arnold's Histories." "The Minister's Wooing," by Mrs. Stowe, is continued. The "Professor" is on hand with his good sayings as usual! The following verses are from his pen:

"We will not speak of years to-night;
For what have years to bring,
But larger floods of love and light
And sweeter songs to sing?

We will not drown in wordy praise
The kindly thoughts that rise;
If friendship owns one tender phase,
He reads it in our eyes.

We need not waste our schoolboy art
To gild this notch of time;
Forgive me if my wayward heart
Has throbbed in artless rhyme.

Enough for him the silent grasp
That knits us hand in hand,
And he the bracelets radiant clasp
That locks our circling band.

Strength to his hours of manly toil!
Peace to his starlit dreams!
Who loves alike the furrowed soil,
The music-haunted streams!

Sweet smiles to keep for ever bright
The sunshine on his lips,
And faith, that sees the ring of light
Round Nature's last eclipse!

NEWBURGH CATHOLIC LIBRARY MAGAZINE. April, 1859. JOHN ASHURST, Editor.

This spirited *Magazine*, we are happy to see, is still alive, and seemingly in a very healthy condition. We are glad of this, as we would not like to lose such a welcome visitor as the *Catholic Library Magazine*.

The present number contains articles on "Progress—True and False;" "An Old Issue with a New Name," being a review of Dr. Brownson's late Lecture, a report of which appeared in the TABLET; also, the fourth number of "Historical Sketches" of places on the Hudson, and Book Notices, Poetry, &c.

ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH. Vol. XX. January, 1859. Baltimore: J. MURPHY & Co.

The contents of this number is varied and interesting. It contains letters from China, Tong King and Cochin-China. The following is the list of missionaries sent to America since the last number of the Annals appeared:

On the 18th June, the Abbes Anthelme, Goud Charles Terrier, and Father Jean-Joseph, a Capachin of the Anconian Marshes, set out from Chambery, for Brazil, with the following seven Sisters: Sisters Mary Basil, Mary Justin, Mary Angelina, Martha of the Cross, Mary Elias, Mary Cunegunde, Saint Paul. The Abbes Goud and Terrier are from the diocese of Chambery, as are also the Rev. Sisters above enumerated; they are all going to the diocese of St. Paul. Father Jean-Joseph is appointed to the Seminary of the same diocese. For several years past his Lordship has confided the direction and teaching of this establishment to the Fathers Capuchins, of whom there are five at the present time.

For the missions of the savages of the diocese of St. Boniface (North America), the following embarked at Liverpool, in the month of June last: Fathers Moulin, from the diocese of Rennes; Mestre, from the diocese of Montpellier; Brother Cullingham, a Catechist, of Irish extraction.

For the Missions of Canada the following set out at the end of last September, and beginning of November: Fathers Fortel, from the diocese of Valence; Dedebant, from the diocese of Toulouse; Pian, from the diocese of Rennes; Cooke, a native of Ireland; Charpeney, from the diocese of Valence.

PETERSON'S COMPLETE COIN BOOK. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 Chestnut street.

This is to business men a very useful work. It contains a complete list of all the Gold, Silver, and other Metallic Coins throughout the world, with a fac simile of each piece, and the value as allowed by the United States Mint placed under it.

We have received a small volume of poetry entitled LOVAT AND LILLY: a Pastoral, by C. Edine. It is designed to illustrate an incident in the Rebellion of '45 in the Scottish dialect. The author thinks the work will be interesting to his Scottish friends in America. Mr. Edine's address is Albion Hotel, St. Paul street, Montreal C. E.

Hon. E. O'Neil, Milwaukee, Wis., will please accept our thanks for the "Annual Statement of the Trade and Commerce of the City of Milwaukee for the year 1858."

NEW ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Messrs. Murphy & Co. announce the publication, early in April, of "Spiritual Conferences," by Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. It will be uniform with his other works, and will be sold for 75 cents, in cloth. The same house also will publish early in May, "The Life of Saint Francis Xavier," Apostle of the Indies and Japan, with a Preface by Father Faber. This will be a great acquisition to our Catholic Literature, and its appearance is looked for with much interest.

"Boyhood's Happy Home," "The Three Little Kittens," and the "Atlantic Cable March," are the names of new peices of music, published by John J. Daly, No. 419 Grand street, New York.

We acknowledge receipt of the Thirteenth Semi-Annual Report of the "Young Catholics' Friend Society" of Washington City, D. C., from which we learn the gratifying intelligence that the Society at no former period has been in a more prosperous condition, and that during no previous term has the number of its beneficiaries been larger than within the last half year; nor have its charities, from any corresponding series of months, been more liberally or judiciously dispensed. Upwards of one hundred poor children are now under the care, and being educated by the Society. We wish the Society success in its laudable efforts: the establishment of Free Schools for the education of Catholic youth.

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE for April is on our table, well filled, as usual, with good articles.

The *Merchants Record* is the name of a new paper, designed as a medium of communication from the Manufacturer and Merchant to their patrons. Daniel Adee, No. 211 Centre street, is the publisher.

RECEIVED from D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway:

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, Vol. V.

ABRIDGMENT OF DEBATES IN CONGRESS, from 1789–1856. Vol. X. By Thomas H. Benton.

From Oaksmith & Co., 112 & 114 William st.:

MY THIRTY YEARS OUT OF THE SENATE. By Major Jack Downing.

GREAT REPUBLIC MONTHLY for April, 1859.

IRISH MARY.

BY BANIM.

Far away from Erin's strand,
Her valleys wide and flashing waters,
Still she is in every land,
One of Erin's fairest daughters.
Oh, to meet her here is like
A dream of home and natal mountains;
On our hearts the voices strike.
We hear the gushing of the fountains.
Yes, our Irish Mary dear—
Pure, fair, and gentle Irish Mary—
A flower of home, fresh blooming come,
Art thou to us sweet Irish Mary.

Oft in these far climes we see,
Eyes bright as her's, and sunny faces,
Charming all, if all were free
Of affectation's borrowed graces.
But Mary's eye is flashing truth,
And Mary's spirit, Mary's nature;
Irish lady, fresh in youth,
Beams o'er every look and feature.
Yes, our Irish Mary dear,
When fashion's airs doth make us weary,
We have you to turn unto,
For native grace, our Irish Mary.

Sighs of home, her Erin's songs—
O'er all those songs we love to listen;
Tears of home, her Erin's wrongs,
Subdue our kindred eyes to glisten.
And should woe to gloom consign
The clear fireside of love and honor,
You will see a holier sign
Of Irish Mary bright upon her.
Yes, our Irish Mary dear,
Will light that home tho' e'er so dreary,
Shining still o'er clouds of ill,
Sweet star of life, pure Irish Mary.

IN MEMORIAM.

I envy not, in any moods,
The captive void of noble rage
The linnet born within the cage
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted both,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth—
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befal—
I feel it, when I sorrow most—
'Tis to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

A FIVE POINTS MISSIONARY AND PHILANTHROPIST.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Dear Sir:—If any proof were required to stamp with well-merited obloquy the character of the reverend kidnappers who infest your city, the following details of an occurrence, which came under my observation a few days ago, would furnish the necessary evidence.

Those who have travelled by the Central Line of Railroad, from Buffalo to New York, are aware that a connection is made with the Hudson River Railroad by crossing the ferry at Albany. In company with several gentlemen, your correspondent proceeded from the Buffalo cars to the wharf, where we arrived just time enough to see the first boat leave. Whilst awaiting the return of the steamboat, and conversing with a legal gentleman of New York, my attention was excited by a series of unfeeling questions put by a burly and seemingly well-fed fellow—standing at my elbow—to a poor Irishwoman, who had travelled from one of the western States, accompanied by four small children. An American gentleman—as I afterwards learned—actuated by humane feelings, inquired into the circumstances that led to the poor woman journeying such a distance, without the protection of a male friend, and with so heavy a charge. She told him that distress prevailed where her husband had settled, that he had been detained to settle his affairs, and that she and her children were on their way to join some relations who lived a short distance from New York. The gentleman, unasked, handed the woman some money. This generous act "exercised" the individual above referred to. He forthwith proceeded to lecture the bystanders on the baneful effects of indiscriminate charity, and denounced poverty as an evil of incalculable magnitude. In order to give pointed and practical illustration to his peculiarly Christian (?) views, he held up the lonely mother and her desolate offspring as objects so far below the level of humanity as not to be entitled to the least shadow of human sympathy. "Look," he said, "at those rags, see those bare feet, and tell me that this woman and her children deserve assistance." The poor creature repeated her simple story, and urged that she had paid the expenses of their journey without seeking aid from any person; that she thought it no harm to accept a voluntary charity; and, moreover, that she and her children *might* have presented a more respectable appearance, if her husband had not been fleeced out of the fruits of his honest industry by a sharper, who bore a very strong resemblance, she remarked, to her tormentor. In vain she pleaded with one who was deaf to the voice of affliction. He did not believe her representations. He knew her destination. Some den in the Five Points, she was told, would be her refuge, whilst the streets in that locality would furnish suitable education to her children. New York, he assured his hearers, was being converted by the "foreign" Irish into a large poorhouse. To what extent this hardened wretch would have proceeded—had not two gentlemen, who were standing by with laudable indignation, administered a telling rebuke—your correspondent cannot say. They told him, and truly too, that he was unworthy the name of man, that he was worse than a brute to insult and lacerate the feelings of a defenceless woman. These sentiments were echoed by the crowd, and the heartless scamp was evidently rejoiced that the arrival of the boat at the landing stage afforded him an opportunity of escape from the looks and expressions of scorn that met him on every side.

Your correspondent felt very anxious to know more about this scorner of the poor, this rebuker of charity. With this intention I followed him closely on board, and felt greatly delighted to find that he carried his signboard on both ends of a small valise, which he held in his hand. From large block letters, so that those who ran might read, I was enabled to possess myself of the much desired information. I have it, therefore, in my power to introduce to the readers of the TABLET, the model philanthropist, and Missionary of the Five Points, the *Reverend* E. W. Van Meter. In your able hands, sir, I leave the comment. VIATOR.

A VISIT TO THE STUDIO OF CHARLES INNIS IN NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Charles Innis, the well-known sculptor, the pupil, friend, and co-laborer of the celebrated Carew of London, now keeps a studio in the rear building of No. 73 Forty-ninth street, near the Sixth avenue, in this city. The first place was given to the product of the sculptor's genius in every European Exhibition since 1851, as well as in our own Industrial display in 1853-4, and it may prove interesting to the readers of the TABLET to learn that a pupil of one of the European masters is now engaged in our city in forming true and perfect representations of eminent men, who live and move at this time in our midst. Numbers of your readers will doubtless recollect that, Mr. Innis is the artist, who, after months of incessant toil, succeeded in restoring to perfection, in the New York Crystal Palace, that famed work of art by Carew, known as the "Descent from the Cross," which was so much admired at the Great Exhibition in London in 1851. Carew, the designer of that striking production, was assisted by Charles Innis in its completion as well as in placing it on exhibition at the World's Fair, whence it was removed for exhibition to this city in 1853, at the request of the Agent of the New York Association. That splendid effort of genius, however, together with the "Baptism of Christ," by the same artists, were destroyed by the negligence and recklessness of the party who last Autumn unfortunately possessed the New York Crystal Palace.

Mr. Innis has since that time engaged in perfecting a bust of the Archbishop of New York, which is now complete in the studio above indicated. This work, which has recently received the final attentions of the artist, is decidedly a triumph. There is no person, whatever may be his discernment, or however limited may be his acquaintance with works of art, that ever had an opportunity of seeing Archbishop Hughes, that must not pronounce this effort of the gifted sculptor a signal

success. Every lineament of the venerated Prelate is faithfully brought forth in relief. Who is it, having the benefit of the Archbishop's acquaintance, that looks at this bust by Innis, from what critics would call a three-quarter point of view, that would not in a twinkle recognize the arch and well-lifted eyebrow of the illustrious original. I was pleased to learn that the artist has already many orders in advance from several of our citizens for copies of this unrivalled likeness. This is the first life-size likeness of the Archbishop which has been executed in this country, although there has been one executed in marble in Rome. He is represented with the cross on his breast, suspended to a chain which is placed on his shoulders. The bust is fixed on an antique copy of the SACRED VOLUME, both resting on an antique pedestal. Mr. Innis is preparing to execute, as soon as possible, a copy in marble from his successful model.

There are in this studio various other works of art, among which stands two life-size statues imposingly prominent. One of these is a statue of the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, to which is given an air of serenity and meekness, of calmness and resignation; the other is a statue representing SAINT JOSEPH, to which is given by the pious and original designer a remarkable mien of composure and conformity.

Both these statues are formed in Parian cement, the same as the bust of the Archbishop, and are almost as indestructible as marble—having the advantage of that material, of being easily washed with a simple solution of soap and water, which can be safely applied by the most inexperienced hand.

"The Immaculate Conception" and the "Saint Joseph" are at present the most imposing specimens of Christian Art on this Continent, the "Christ and Apostles" of Thorswalden, and the "Descent from the Cross" and "Baptism" by Carew being destroyed with the Crystal Palace. These statues were designed for a Church, and are, in the opinion of your correspondent, well deserving of niches in a sacred edifice. They should be placed in one of our city churches.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

A respected correspondent from St. Paul sends us an account of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in that city. The letter is dated March 19th, and if mailed on that day would have been in time for publication in last week's TABLET; but, on referring to the postmark, we find it is dated March 26th, seven days after the date of the letter. Our correspondent will see, by referring to our paper of March 26th, that reports of St. Patrick's Day celebrations would be closed in our last issue. Had he mailed his letter at the proper time it would have been attended to, therefore the fault of its non-appearance is not ours. We may be called arbitrary in enforcing this rule, but it is necessary. We allowed a certain time and space to those celebrations, and gave notice to that effect in time for all to comply with it. Here is a paragraph, however, which may be interesting to our readers:

"Let me close with a few words for Minnesota. We are looking forward to an improved season for business—a large amount of work was done last fall on our railroads, and I learn that preparations are being made to push the work forward with despatch. It is truly gratifying to me, and will be so to your readers, to hear that amongst over a thousand men to work on the various roads, not a single quarrel occurred. Scarce an angry word escaped. Indeed the old clannish jealousies of "far-downs," "Corkonians," &c., seemed to have passed away. The efforts of our Hierarchy, the introduction of religious, charitable, and educational institutions, during the past ten years, have done much to inaugurate a better feeling amongst our people, which, I trust, may long continue to increase and extend."

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

Who says Ireland wants Reform?—The Bishop of Clogher and the Archbishop of Tuam on Secret Societies and Mixed Education.—The Archbishop of Dublin on Mixed Education and Roman affairs.—Proposed Reform meeting on Patrick's Day.—Neapolitan Refugees in Cork.—The "Phœnix Club" prosecutions.

DUBLIN, March 21, 1859.

It was exceedingly consolatory to us all here in Ireland to learn the other day through the medium of the London papers that we have fallen into a very great error in supposing for a moment that Ireland wants any measure of reform. We are indebted to Mr. Vance, one of the M. P.'s for the city of Dublin, for dispelling this serious illusion under which so many Irishmen have been long laboring. That honorable gentleman, in reply to some observations of another Irish member complaining that no mention had been made of Ireland in the Government Reform Bill and that the Irish members had been badly treated by the Ministry, rose in his place in the House and declared that there had been already several reforms in Ireland—in fact, that she had been too often reformed, that there were no complaints from Ireland about reform, and that as everything was going on pleasantly in that country, and as all parties were well represented in Parliament, there was no occasion to embarrass the House about a Reform Bill for that part of the British Empire called Ireland, at least until the bills laid on the table had been disposed of. We shall ever feel deeply grateful to Mr. Vance, M. P., for opening our eyes to our happy content and prosperous condition which, we admit, we were unable up to the present to perceive. It really was very stupid for so many in this country to believe that landlords and agents turned out poor tenants and their families on the road side for having dared to vote as their consciences dictated, or to suppose that noble lords had certain boroughs in their pockets (to use a familiar figurative expression) and could thrust anybody they pleased with the representation of them without going through the formality of consulting the wishes of the electors, or to credit the malicious story that Mr. Vance himself owes his election for the city of Dublin to a class of voters called "Freemen," whose independent and discriminating voices he purchased at £4 per man. It must surely be in dreams that we fancied we saw many a time long lines of cars crowded with peasantry escorted, almost bayoneted, to the poll to vote for the landlord's favorite, by files of soldiery and police. Such things never could have been, because if they had, Mr. Vance, who is an humble man, would not have stated in his place in the House of Commons that things were so square in Ireland; there was, in fact, no room for reformation, that everybody was satisfied, and all as comfortable and as orderly as so many bees in a well honnied hive. Blessings on Mr. Vance again for this cheering assurance. For the future we shall disbelieve all public speakers, newspaper writers, and all others who, in any manner, shall try to persuade us into our old belief that Ireland is misgoverned—that her people are poor and unhappy because they are not fairly dealt with—that England won't let her get on; or, in short, that anything wants reform in our happy little Island!

The Right Rev. Dr. MacNally, Bishop of Clogher, in his Lenten Pastoral, just issued, refers to Secret Societies, which his lordship says so far from affecting any good, are always, wherever they exist, productive of the greatest evil to religion, to society, and to the unhappy individuals themselves. The promoters of such societies, he says, are amongst the worst enemies of our holy religion, of our country, and of our people, and that all who connect themselves with them are disobedient children of the Catholic Church, and whilst such connection exists are justly excluded from all participation in the Sacraments. In reference to the question of mixed intermediate education, which is occupying so much public attention just now, his Grace says that unceasing efforts are being made in various ways to weaken the piety or subvert the religious principles of the people, and more particularly the youth of both sexes, by dangerous systems of education. In support of the "non-sectarian intermediate education" scheme, he says, all sects and shades of religionists are coming forward, although most divided amongst themselves, and united only in their hostility to the Catholic faith. His lordship says that notwithstanding the love of the Catholic people of Ireland for education, which is not exceeded by that of any other people in the world, the mixed system of education can never give satisfaction to them, and he expresses a hope that the whole influence of the Catholic body, of the Bishops and Clergy, will be exerted to obtain aid for the education of the people on purely Catholic principles and under proper Catholic control.

The Archbishop of Tuam in his pastoral also earnestly urges the adoption of the separate system of education for Catholics.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has addressed a long and beautiful pastoral to the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese, dated from the villa of the Irish College, Salarian Way, Rome. On the mixed education question his Grace says that whilst our Holy Faith is ever the guardian of science, it will not allow us to be satisfied with a mere worldly, Pagan education, and that we should reject with indignation every educational scheme, such as the Queen's Colleges and mixed model schools, calculated to produce heresy and indifference. Referring to the interesting subject of Rome his Grace says that of late the spirit of evil seems to have vented all its wrath in assailing the city of God. All the deadly hostilities, he says, of wicked societies which have found their echo in Turin, Paris, Westminster and St. Petersburg, are directed against the temporal sovereignty of Rome, in the hope that whilst they assail the temporal rule of the Holy Father the whole fabric of the Church shall totter, and that the powers of hell shall lead captive the spouse of Christ. But, his Grace cheeringly adds, let infidelity and heresy rage as heretofore with the fury of a tempest round the bark of Peter, the Pontiff, heedless of their rage, will ever pursue the onward course marked out for him by the finger of the Most High, and his See will ever remain the centre of civilization and of faith; and at the same time we may rest assured that despite the designs of man Rome will continue to be the inheritance of St Peter.

A requisition has been presented to the Lord Mayor requesting him to call a meeting of the citizens favorable to Parliamentary Reform, extension of the suffrage of the vote by ballot, and the abolition of the freeman franchise, at the Rotunde, on next Patrick's Day, to consider what steps should be taken to promote these measures during the present session of Parliament.

An American vessel, having on board the celebrated Poerio and 61 other Neapolitans, who, by the recent act of grace of the Neapolitan Government, were set free from imprisonment, and sentenced to banishment, put into Cork harbor this week. After their liberation they were transferred to Spain—it was subsequently determined to send them to America—and at their own request, whilst on their voyage from Cadiz to New York, they were landed at Cork. It was originally believed that the vessel had been seized by the refugees, but I understand there is no foundation for such a belief.

The Phœnix club prosecutions, as they are called—that is to say, the trial of the young men who were arrested in the county of Kerry, on a charge of belonging to a treasonable association called the Phœnix Society, commenced last Monday in Tralee Court House. Her Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor Generals went over to the west for the special purpose of prosecuting and (to use the expression of a certain class of persons) of "making an example" of these dissaffected subjects. Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C., went over specially to defend them. By his advice the prisoners refused to join in these challenges, that is, to be tried altogether. One of them, Daniel Sullivan, was accordingly put on his trial on an indictment charging him with compassing and, with others, intending to deprive the Queen of her imperial crown. Amongst the overt acts set forth in the indictment are the conspiring to raise an insurrection; moving the citizens of the United States of America with force to invade Ireland; to establish an unlawful association whose members should be bound by oath to renounce their allegiance and fight against the Queen, and to make Ireland an independent Democratic republic, &c. The Attorney-General, when his turn came to speak, gave his version of "this foul conspiracy," and concluded a long-winded speech of three hours and a half duration, (in the course of which he attempted to be eloquent upon the sacred right of protecting our glorious constitution, and funny about "pikes and patriots," and failed in both efforts,) by drawing a "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" picture of the horrors of a foreign invasion, and by declaring that he did not know what the Queen, the Parliament, or the Government had done to merit so foul an attack on the constitution. The approver, or "informer," as such persons are popularly known, was produced to tell his story. He appears to have been a process server for some time, but whatever may have been his pursuits up to the present, there is no doubt but that he is now in his natural position. The fellow did not seem to have the faintest idea that he was acting a base part. He was perpetually smiling, and rather seemed to think the whole affair a capital joke. With the greatest coolness imaginable he narrated how he took the oaths and how he broke them—how he attended club meetings in public houses and drill meetings on the mountain side—how he 'drank with the "boys" and sang national songs and gave national toasts—how he fondled the child of his friend at the very time he had marked him out to the authorities—altogether a more unblushing scoundrel has not turned up this long time. This fellow's name, singular enough, is also Daniel Sullivan, and he is called "Goula" to distinguish him from the prisoner and from others of the same "plentiful name" in the district. The trial is still proceeding and is likely to occupy a considerable time.

DUBLINER.

The "Phœnix trial" at Tralee.—Reform meeting in the Rotunda.—The National Gallery of Ireland.—Bequests for Catholic purposes.—The Cuffe street Savings Bank.—Tom Moore's Statue.

DUBLIN, March 18th, 1859.

The first of the "Phœnix trials" at Tralee has concluded—that is to say, the jury have been discharged without agreeing to a verdict, after having been nine days listening to the case. This, in certain sense, is a defeat to her Majesty's Attorney-General, who, however, declared in Court his determination to come to Tralee on the 30th March, to "vindicate the law," if he can, through the instrumentality of another and, in his mind, a more intelligent jury. The general belief, however, is that the right hon. gentlemen will not succeed in getting a conviction in any of the numerous treason cases which he has on hands just now. Mr. O'Hagan's speech at Tralee in defense of the prisoner was a great effort. He came down heavily on the Government officials for the harsh manner in which the prisoners were treated shortly after their arrest; and he drew such a picture of the wretched "informer" that if the fellow have any feeling at all he must loathe himself for the rest of his days. The trial of the young men who were arrested in Cork on a charge of treason has been postponed until next assizes.

An important public meeting of the advocates of reform was held in the Rotundo, on Patrick's Day. The chair was occupied by Sir James Power, the High Sheriff for the City. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that the proposed Government Reform Bill is inadequate for the admitted evils existing in the present system of Parliamentary representation, that no measure of reform can be considered satisfactory that does not give the protection of the ballot, and materially extend the elective franchise to the industrious and artizan classes of the city,—and that in the opinion of the meeting, the amount of qualification should not exceed a £5 rating in boroughs. The principal speakers were Mr. Sharman Crawford ("the Nestor of Tenant Right," as he is called), Capt. Esmonde, M.P., Mr. P. O'Brien, M.P., Dr. Gray, Mr. Carew O'Dwyer. The intelligent artizans proposed and seconded resolutions and in doing so asserted the right of the class to which they belong to be admitted to take part in the selection of representatives of the people.

Numerous donations of pictures have already been made to the trustees of the new national gallery of Ireland which is now in process of erection. The members of the council of the young institution, which it is to be hoped will be full grown and strong in a short time, are: The Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Clancarty, Mr. George Petrie (the eminent Irish Antiquarian), Dr. Todd (President of the Royal Irish Academy), Sir Robert Griffith, (Chairman of the Board of Public Works), Mr, George Mulvany, Mr. Catterson Smith (one of the very few rising artists in our poor country), the Earl of Meath, Colonel Loxcom (Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant), Mr. William Dargan ("the man with his hand in his pocket"—whose name is a household word), the Earl of Charlemont, Ex-Chancellor Brady, Lord Talbot De Malahide, Sir George Hodson.

A neat little work, "A Novena in honor of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, by the Rev. T. Kirbey, D.D., Rector of the Irish College at Paris," has been just published by Mr. Duffy.

The wife of a Colonel Allen lately bequeathed £500 to the Sisters of Charity in this city, for the support of St. Vincent's Hospital; £100 to the Sisters for the use of the poor; £195 to various Catholic schools in the city; £60 to certain clergymen to defray the expenses of Masses for her soul, and £150 to her trustees, to be applied by them as they shall think proper for Catholic purposes.

A very influential meeting of gentlemen, presided over by the Lord Mayor, was held this week, for the purpose of taking measures to obtain for the poor depositors in the Cuffe street Savings Bank, payment of the money which they lost by the failure of the concern. This Bank, in which saving tradesmen, thrifty servants, and such like, were in the habit of depositing their small gatherings stopped payment in 1848, owing the depositors £60,000, to meet which there were £9 in the coffers. The amount of distress, misery and misfortune, to the working classes, which followed the stoppage was very great. The government officers appointed to investigate the accounts of Savings Banks neglected their duty, it appeared, in respect to the Cuffe street Bank, and in this way the government, in a manner, became, at least, morally liable to make good the money. With considerable difficulty a vote that ten shillings in the pound should be paid to the depositors was obtained from Parliament, and the object of the meeting, this week, was to agitate for the purpose of procuring the other moiety. Several of the speakers expressed their astonishment that the government of a great and wealthy nation—the boasted land of benevolence and large heartedness—should huxter like a green grocer over his counter with the poor depositors in the Cuffe street Bank. The meeting came to the resolution of bringing the matter before Parliament. A petition to Parliament, in reference to the same matter, was adopted at the last meeting of the Corporation.

The effigy of our National Bard in College Green has been very badly treated by the committee who are responsible for the erection of it. These gentlemen having at length awoke to the complaints of the public in reference to the ungainly statue which was raised to Tom Moore under their auspices, caused it to be taken down the other day, the Poet's head knocked off and a few feet added to his neck, which heretofore had an apoplectic appearance. The Poet, as now seen, with his right hand elevated, his head in a soldierly "eyes-right" position, appears as if he was perpetually on the watch to catch the eye of one of the statues on the Bank of Ireland over the way. In fact, as I overheard an unwashed critic of tender years observe in reference to it to a companion, who fully agreed with him in opinion, "'Tis worser now than ever." The whole thing has been a failure from beginning to end. In its original condition the pedestal was too clumsy for the statue; now, after the "improvements," the statue is too clumsy for the pedestal. A writer in a journal devoted to the Fine Arts, writing evidently in a very bad temper about this monstrosity, says there is but one remedy for it—the total removal of both statue and pedestal, and which if not now insisted on by the public is sure to be done by the next generation.

DUBLINER.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Reform Bill—The Peace or War Question and Lord Cowley's Mission—Manifestoes of the Reds—Neapolitan Exiles—St. Patrick's Day in London and Liverpool.—New Church edifices, &c., &c.

LONDON, March 18th, 1859.

The great topic of conversation both in and out of Parliament is the Reform Bill recently introduced by the Tory Ministers, of which Disraeli is in this instance the spokesman. The opponents of the measure are strong, and under the lead of Lord John Russell, are determined to make the second reading of the Bill on Monday next, a test vote. Should the Ministry be defeated then it is generally supposed, by well informed persons, that they will not resign, but call on the Queen to dissolve Parliament, and go to the country on the merits or demerits of their short lived administration. For my own part I do not feel at all sanguine of the success of the "Liberals," as the Anti-Reform coalition love to call themselves. The dread of a general election on the minds of many of our Members of Parliament whose re-election would be anything but certain, will influence a great many votes on the side of the Ministry, while the want of concert between Lord John, Mr. Bright, and the other open or passive enemies of the government, will prevent them from rallying their followers in full force. Of the measure itself little need be said. It is simply an elaborate and incomprehensible scheme to delude a not over intelligent people into the belief that they are about to receive a great boon in the shape of legislative reform, from such men as Grey, Graham and Disraeli. Men whose whole lives have been devoted to the worst and most unscrupulous means to repress the spirit of popular feeling and check the growth of liberal ideas, which from time to time, for the last thirty years, have spasmodically agitated the manufacturing districts of this country. That the English people are aware of this, may be seen from the numerous meetings which have been held throughout the country, and the violent opposition everywhere evinced to Disraeli's Bill. Whether this resistance can assume a shape tangible enough to defeat the measure on Monday, or whether the ministry succeeding then will prolong their official existence during the session, are questions which time alone can answer.

The feeling in domestic affairs has thus, for a while, taken precedence of our foreign politics. The Peace or War problem is still unsolved, and still the funds—the tender pulse of the monied interest of the country—rise and fall with each recurrent rumor that comes to us over the wires from Paris or Vienna. There is a small class who wish for war; who see in it the overthrow of the French Emperor, the humiliation of Austria, and the general stagnation of Continental trade; to the great glory of England and the benefit of its manufactures, but I assure you that these men are in a "vast minority." The masses of the people are heartily afraid of war, knowing well that should such a catastrophe occur, England, instead of being neutral, reaping all the commercial advantages of a neutral position, would sooner or later be drawn into the vortex, and debt, disaster and bankruptcy ensue. The *Times* and other organs of opinion see this plainly enough, and while they allow their correspondents to scatter broadcast the loose reports of approaching strife, they are careful in other respects to inculcate a belief in the continuance of peace and the consequent growth of industrial prosperity. Of Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna very little is yet known, but it is generally supposed that some amicable arrangement has been effected by him, and that the mutual distrust existing between Austria and France on Italian affairs will be dissipated. Lord Cowley is in Paris, and not until his return here, or at least not before he has had an understanding with Louis Napoleon, will the public be favored with the details of his visit to the Austrian capital?

The troubled waters of foreign politics have again brought on the surface a number of those modest and practical gentlemen known as Refugees, martyrs of liberty! unfortunate exiles, &c., who never let an opportunity slip of reminding the world that they are still in existence. Manifestoes on Italian and French affairs by Mazzini, Felix Payat and other sympathizers, have already appeared, and ere long I presume we will have the pleasure of reading a lucid and poetical effusion from the eloquent ex-President of Hungary; what a state of things would exist if these individuals had the management of affairs for only a year or two, how easily international quarrels could be settled by a newspaper controversy, a feuilliton, or a poem; how the solidarities of the people would be confirmed for ever and ever, and the religiosity of the nations, as Signor Mazzini said, would be tested by the touchstone of modern ethics. Hugo Grotius and Mynheer Vattel should be known no more, and the American Wheaton, now enstalled in the universities and the cabinets of Statesmen, would lie idle amid the charitable dust of the forgotten ages. If the Kings of Naples and Sardinia, and the Emperors of France and Austria only listened to these pensioners on English bounty, what great results might not follow. As for the Pope, they will none of him, they have given him up to destruction long ago.

The fortuitous arrival of the liberated prisoner from Naples has given a new energy to the patrons of Italian reform. Already a committee has been formed, at the head of which is the redoubtable Earl of Shaftsbury, and at the tail William Makepeace Thackery. Several honorable lords and aspiring members of Parliament have sent in subscriptions, unmindful of the old proverb that charity begins at home. Poerio, who is not *the* Peorio, (whose reputation as a jurist and orator is well known,) but a son who inherits little of his father's ability, will honor us by a visit in a few days, when the Italian fever will again rage in the hearts of our noble rulers. Such is life.

The festival of St. Patrick's was observed here in the usual appropriate manner. High Mass was celebrated in the beautiful Church dedicated under the invocation of the Irish Apostle, Soho square. Cardinal Wiseman delivered the sermon on the occasion, which in my opinion was one of the best I have ever heard his Eminence deliver. The Benevolent Society of St. Patrick celebrated their 75th anniversary by a dinner in the evening, at the Freeman's Tavern. In Liverpool the celebration was equally orderly, and from the accounts I have received, much more enthusiastic than with us. There is a healthier tone and greater spirit among the Irishmen of Liverpool than in any part of England or Scotland with which I am acquainted.

Speaking of Liverpool I must not forget to mention that Miss Whitty, a daughter of the proprietor of the *Journal*, has gained considerable applause in Sienna, Italy, by her fine voice and artistic skill Mr. Whitty, her father, is a native of Wexford, I think, but has resided many years in Liverpool.

It is really gratifying to notice how rapidly our holy religion is spreading, even in this Protestant country. We hear of new churches being built in every direction. In the town of Atherstone, diocese of Birmingham, a new edifice in honor of St. Benedict is about to be built after the design of Mr. Buckler of Oxford; while Mr. E. W. Pugin has just completed the drawings of a new one about to be built at Aston-under-Lyne, by the Rev. Father Crombleholme of Salford diocese. A new church at Euxton, near Chorley, is also spoken of. These material evidences of strength are but the indices of the spiritual changes which are daily taking place around us.

W.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

SUMTER, S. C.—The Right Rev. the Bishop visited this place on Sunday, March 13th. Whilst in town he was the guest of T. J. Coghlan, Esq. The Rev. J. J. O'Connell had arrived in the early part of the week, and prepared the people for the Bishop's visit. The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered to eight persons after the early Mass. At half-past ten o'clock the Bishop delivered an eloquent and affecting discourse on the establishment of Christianity and the characteristics of the Church to a delighted audience, among whom were several from the various denominations The subject was continued in the afternoon and elicited the same attention. On the following morning the Bishop again said Mass and addressed the congregation on the chief duties of a Christian and on the Holy Season of Lent. In the afternoon he left, accompanied by the Pastor, and bearing with him the best wishes and esteem of the people.—*Cor. of Charleston Miscellany.*

DR. NICHOLS.—We congratulate our friends in Mobile on the pleasure and edification they will derive from the course of lectures on Catholicity which Dr. Nichols proposes to deliver in their city. The recent conversion of General Walker excited some surprise among his Mobilian non-Catholic friends. They will now have an opportunity of hearing some of the reasons that convinced his judgment. There is nothing of the "sensation" preacher in the Doctor. He is ever calm, clear and forcible. He addresses his audience as a counseller would advocate his cause before the Supreme Court of the United States, avoiding all appeals to passion and relying on the support he may reasonably claim from law and authority. No one, whether they agree with or dissent from him, can fail to be interested in his lectures.—*New Orleans Catholic Standard.*

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—At the Academy of the Visitation, Frederick, Md., on Tuesday, 22d ult., in the Chapel of the Visitation, Sister Clare Agnes Green made her solemn profession. On the same occasion, Miss Annie Raphel, of Baltimore County, received the white veil and habit of the Order, with the religious name of Sister Mary Josephine. Rev. Father Paresce, S. J., officiated on the occasion, assisted by Rev. Mr. Walter. The first named Father delivered an appropriate discourse.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

BLESSING OF A BELL.—On Passion Sunday, at half-past three o'clock, P.M., the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann will bless a large bell recently cast for St. Joachim's Church, Frankford, and the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty will preach on the occasion. We hope there will be a large attendance.—*Philadelphia Herald and Visitor.*

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—On the 25th ult., at the House of the Good Shepherd, Miss Catherine Blake (in religion Sister St. John) made her solemn profession at the hands of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann, assisted by the Right Rev. Mr. Kean.—*Ibid.*

CONFIRMATION. — The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Michal's Church on Passion Sunday.—*Ibid.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT ST. MARY'S.—A very interesting discourse on the "Past, Present, and Future of Ireland" was delivered before the students of St. Mary's College on the evening of the 17th ult. The lecturer, who has been some time connected with the college, portrayed in eloquent terms the ancient glories of his native land, and with thrilling pathos depicted the more recent persecution to which her people had been subjected because of their steadfastness in the faith of their fathers. The lecture was listened to with marked attention, and its sentiments were heartily approved by all present.—*Louisville Guardian.*

ST. LOUIS HOUSE OF REFUGE.—The Legislature of Missouri has passed the House of Refuge Bill, which had been prepared for the object of putting a stop to the kidnapping and proselytizing propensities of its present and past managers. It is a consoling sign of the times to find a Legislature disposed to do justice where Catholics and Catholic interests are concerned.

A reception took place at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Stockton street, San Francisco, on Sunday, 20th February, on which occasion Miss Mary Agnes Toomey, in religion Sister Mary Aquin Joseph, took the white veil. The Very Rev. P. Magognotto, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cody and Rev. Mr. King, officiated at the ceremony of reception.

Protestants look upon the miracles performed in the Catholic Church, as jugglery and imposture. The Jews had exactly the same opinion of those performed by our Saviour.

A Protestant teacher, in the Athens of America (Boston), whips a Catholic boy; whereupon the religious Protestant press is indignant at Romish aggression.

GOLD PENS.—Of all the many requirements necessary for the business man to possess, there is none of more importance than that of being a good penman; of being able to write a good plain hand. This the majority of our business men cannot do. The fault of their bad penmanship does not lie, so often, in their not being able to write a good hand, as of their not having a good pen to write with. Nearly all the pens manufactured of late years are worthless. They can hardly be used for five minutes without changing them. We have tried a number of Gold Pens of different manufacturers, but could find none to our liking equal to those manufactured by Mr. Eugene McGuire. His pens are the *ne plus ultra* in the pen line, the ink flows from them freely, they are elastic, well pointed, and makes a smooth, even stroke, heavy or light as is necessary. Those in want of a good pen should get one of Mr. McGuire's. His office is at 164 William street, where samples of all his Pens, Pen and Pencil Cases, can be seen.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, it is said, has received despatches from Europe, by George Sanders, informing him that France has already initiated a war with Austria! This is certainly a very curious piece of information—so curious, in fact, that we are inclined to regard it as a species of Sebastapol hoax. If the long-threatened war has really commenced, how does it happen that European papers by the last steamer contained no hint of the matter, save the old story of *Constitutionnel* manifestoes, and Lord Cowley's blunders in Vienna? Certain "notes of busy preparation" cannot be suppressed on the eve of warlike movements, be they ever so secretly conducted; and British ears are wide open to catch the first intimation of Louis Napoleon's first aggressive act. Another reason for treating this report as a *canard* is, that Sardinia must be backed by French troops before she can venture to take part in the fray; and as that country is not prepared for the contest, the French Emperor would not be likely to injure her prospects by undue haste. In fact, the affairs of the hostile nations are not on a proper war *footing*, nor will they be, until Mr. ROBERT MCCAFFERTY, of 230 Bowery, sends an assortment of his superb spring style Boots, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., to Europe. So the ladies, who all patronize him, say.

ARTHUR DONNELLY'S CARPET STORE.—We cheerfully and warmly recommend those who may desire to refit their households with new Carpeting, Oil Cloth, Rugs and Mattings, to give our friend Mr. Donnelly, of 98 Bowery, a call. His stock embraces a most extensive variety, imported with express reference to the demands of city purchasers—and we believe that those who leave their orders at Mr. Donnelly's establishment, will find his prices as moderate as at any other carpet store in the city.

Mr. Donnelly is a liberal, warm-hearted and generous Irish-American, and we hesitate not in recommending him to the consideration of our numerous friends and readers.

In the days when the world was younger, and the inhabitants thereof less skilled in wisdom's ways, men undertook long and perilous journeys, sacrificing time and life in search after mythical fountains of youth and health. But, oh! ye happy ones who dwell in this day and generation, blessed are ye among the sons of men! For you the fountain of health is opened at No. 70 Nassau street, where STEINFELD dispenses to all sick and afflicted ones the far-famed COGNAC BITTERS and the magic CORDIAL. Go ye and buy! Then shall ye be strong and rejoice in your health. Go ye and buy!

OBITUARY.

Of your charity pray for the eternal repose of MR. TIMOTHY O'DONNOGHUE, who slept in the Lord on the 25th of March, at Georgetown, D. C. One of that band of immigrants, who, by the generous dispensation of their worldly stores, and the purity of their lives, have contributed so much to the advancement of the Catholic cause in the United States. Mr. O'Donnoghue was born in Cork, June 29th, 1795, whence having removed at an early age, he spent in Georgetown the last forty years of his life This length of residence, and his conspicuous position as a member of the congregation of Trinity Church, rendered him so well known that, in this vicinity at least, there is no need of eulogizing his virtues. Yet it were well to extend more widely the benefits of his example; and those who knew him personally, will add their testimony, that we exaggerate nothing in the estimate of the qualities that adorned his character. Mr. O'Donnoghue's piety was not of that fitful kind which is displayed, so to speak, in bursts of devotion. It pervaded his whole life; it was the controlling principle of every action; it was manifest in every conversation; it was evinced in his daily presence at the Holy Sacrifice, and the frequent reception of the Sacraments

Amid the incessant appeals made to his liberality, we have heard it asserted that he was never known to refuse an alms, asked in the name of religion or charity. Divine Providence does not always delay to the future life the rewarding of His servants. He deserved abundance who knew so well to dispense it. A large family, the complement of worldly blessings, was bestowed on him Carefully educated in accordance with the maxims and in the observance of the laws of our holy religion, its members inherit his virtues, and will, for the common edification, perpetuate his good example. Death, approaching slowly with the gradual decay of nature, was viewed with neither presumption nor terror. "I shall be sadly disappointed" said he, "if God does not show me mercy. I have tried to do my duty." His only desire was to survive till the Annunciation. God would not refuse His servant so slight a favor, and on the feast he began the life of immortality.

His funeral took place in Trinity Church on Monday, 28th ult., when a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung and a discourse portraying in lively colors the many virtues and noble qualities of the deceased was delivered by Rev J. Early, S.J., President of Georgetown College The large church was filled by his many friends and admirers who testified their love and respect for him by their sobs and tears. The prayers of the widow and orphan follow him beyond the tomb. Those of the clergy who have been assisted in their religious enterprise by Mr Donnoghue's liberality, those both of the clergy and laity, whose spiritual advancement has been aided by his example, will not omit to pay the general debt we owe him, praying that God may hasten his admission into happiness.—*Catholic Mirror.*

In this city, on March 31st, JAMES MCLOUGHLIN, in the 21st year of his age. His remains were taken to St. Andrew's Church (of which he was sexton) on Saturday, when a Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of his soul. *Requiescat in pace.*

In this city, on Sunday, March 27th, after a short illness, ARTHUR DOYLE, a native of Dromora, co Down, Ireland, aged 48 years and 6 months. *Requiescat in pace.*

☞ Belfast papers please copy.

At the residence of his father, on Thursday, February 24, in the parish of Errigle, county Monaghan, Ireland, where he had gone with the hope of benefiting his health, Mr. PATRICK MCKENNA, late of this city. *May he rest in peace.*

On the 31st ult., at his residence, No. 139 East Twenty-second street, in this city, Mr. MICHAEL SHEEHAN, a native of Kanturk, county of Cork, Ireland, in the 61st year of his age. *Requiescat in pace.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The market for State and Western brands was quiet, and common grades were dull, while extra qualities were firmly held and prices unchanged. The sales closed within the following quotations:

Superfine State	$5 25@$5 75
Extra State	6 30@ 6 65
Superfine Western	5 35@ 5 90
Extra Iowa, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio	6 65@ 7 00
Extra Genesee	7 10@ 8 00
Canadian extra	6 90@ 7 50
Mixed to straight Southern	6 20@ 6 70
Choice extra family and bakers' brands	7 75@ 8 50
Rye flour	3 75@ 4 30
Corn meal	3 85@ 4 10

Canadian flour was firm, while sales were limited within the above range of prices. Southern flour was heavy and sales moderate, being confined within the range of the above figures. Rye flour and corn meal were quiet and sales limited. Wheat was quiet and without sales of moment, while quotations were nominal. Corn was dull and inactive. Small lots of Southern yellow were made at 90c., and of Western mixed at 89c. Rye continued quiet at 82@90c Oats were heavy and cheaper, with moderate sales of State at 56½@57½c., and Western at 60@61c.

COFFEE—The market for Rio was quiet, while holders were firm. The sales embraced Maracaibo at p. t. and Java at 15c.

COTTON—The sales closed at a slight concession from the highest point of previous quotations, while lots in store were about 12½c. for middling uplands. Holders were not pressing sales, being disposed to await the receipt of later foreign news, which they believe will prove more favorable.

PROVISIONS—Pork—The market was again heavy and lower. The sales included new mess at $17 62½@$17 75, and prime at $12 60@$12 75. Beef—Good to prime lots were firm, while inferior and common qualities were dull and nominal. The sales including country prime at $6 60@$7; country mess at $8 37½@9 50; repacked Western do at $9 25@$11 25, and extra at $14 50@$13. Sales of good Ohio prime mess were made at $20. Beef hams were firmly held at $16 50@$17 50. Bacon was firm, but dull. Cut meats were steady and in fair request, with sales of about 300 hhds. and tierces at 6½@7c. for shoulders, and 8½@9c. for hams. Lard was heavy and cheaper, chiefly within the range of 11½@11¾c., with some lots, common, at 11c., and prime at 11¾c. Butter was inactive. There was no new or prime Ohio dairies in the market, and the lots consist of old, and mostly common at that, which commands about 10c. ₱ lb. Fair to prime old State ranged from 14@22c.; new at 25c., and choice sweet new Goshen at 26@30c. Cheese ranged from 8@10½c., and at 11c. for prime to choice dairies.

RICE—Sales of 100 casks were made at 3¾@4¼c. The stock embraces about 9,665 casks, against 10,414 last year.

SUGARS were steady. Holders were not pressing sales. The transactions embraced Cubas at 6¼@7¼c; New Orleans at 6¾@7½c, and Porto Ricos at 7c; and a cargo, St. Jago refining goods, was also reported at 6¾c.

TOBACCO—The market is firmer with a moderate business; sales Kentucky at 5@10c.; New Mayesville at 11@12½c.; Havana, part for export, at p. t.; seed leaf, 18@30c.

WHISKEY was quiet, and small sales were made at 27½@27½c.

WOOL—The sales have been to a very limited extent. A little more inquiry has been manifested, but resulted in nothing of importance. The market presents a very dull appearance as compared with last month.

W. R. ROBERTS,
DRY GOODS EMPORIUM,
No. 252 BOWERY,
Between Prince and Houston streets, New York.
Low prices and prompt attention to customers.
SHAWLS, CLOAKS, MANTILLAS AND DRESS GOODS OF ALL KINDS. mar26 6m

My own Native Home.

Words and Music by Mrs. R. J. GONZALEZ.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

mf

I dream, I dream of o - ther days, The days of hap - py childhood,

p

mf

When ev' - - ry thing look'd gay and glad, as I spor - ted thro' the wild-wood. I

mf

list to mu - - sic's me - - lo - dy, and feel I am a - lone, While

pp espressione.

mem' - ry oft re - calls to me my own, my na-tive home I

pp espress.

dim.

mf

dream, I dream of o - ther days, the hap - py days of child-hood, When

a tempo.

ev' - - ry thing look'd gay and glad, as I sport - ed thro' the wild - wood.

semplice.

mf

f

2 How oft, how oft when all is still, at midnight's lonely hour,
Fond memory steals over me in a strain of soothing power,
And brings me back again to where the breezes gently moan,
To that dear well-remembered spot, my own, my native home,
I dream, I dream, &c.

3 I love, I love the happy land of peace and liberty,
The exile of the desolate—the home of the free
In thee I've found a haven, when compelled to roam,
From the scenes of my childhood, my own, my native home.
I dream, I dream, &c.

EDUCATION.

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

Nos. 44 and 46 Second Street,

NEW YORK.

THE Brothers of the Christian Schools had for a long time past cause to regret their being necessitated, from want of accommodations, to refuse numerous applications from respectable parents desirous of procuring for their children a thorough education. To meet these demands, the Brothers have purchased and fitted out at great expense the elegant house (No. 45) adjoining their own residence. This house will be entirely devoted to the purpose for which it has been purchased. There will be six distinct Classes, having each one Teacher or more, thus forming a regular and very desirable gradation necessarily conducive to the rapid progress of the pupils. The number of pupils in each class will be limited.

The Scholastic year will consist of eleven calendar months, or four quarters of twelve weeks each.

The Classes will open on the first Monday of September.

Payments will be quarterly, and invariably in advance.

The course of education will consist of Reading, Writing, English Grammar, French Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geometry, (Theoretical and Practical,) Trigonometry, Algebra, History, Rhetoric, Philosophy, (the theory and practice, there being a complete Philosophical apparatus for the purpose,) the use of the Globes, Music, instrumental and vocal French, Latin, Greek, &c., &c.

Terms:

1st, or Lowest Class	$ 5 00 per quarter.
2d Class	6 00 "
3d "	7 00 "
4th "	8 00 "
5th, or High Class	9 00 "
6th, or Superior Class	10 00 "
Music, (excepting Piano)	2 50 "
" Piano, with privilege of learning on any other instrument	5 00 "

There will be no extra charge for French, Greek, Latin, &c.

Class Books of the very highest order will be furnished, without charge, excepting Classical Books, which must be provided by the pupils themselves.

ag28 tf

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy 237 Fourth Street.

THIS Institution, the object of which is the Christian education of children, will re-open on the first Monday of September. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort, and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the Academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The course of instruction comprises the elementary, and all the higher branches of English education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Book-keeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

	Per annum.
Board and Tuition	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music, Vocal and Instrumental	12
" (with Piano) "	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each Boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The Linen should be marked with the name in full. ag28 tf

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART,

ALBANY, NEW YORK

THIS Institution is beautifully situated, about two miles from Albany, on the Troy road, overlooking the Hudson, and commanding a view of the cities and of the whole surrounding scenery of Albany and Troy. The shady walks and woodlands by which it is diversified; the eminence on which the house stands, embosomed in trees; the high hills in the distance, covered with beautifully variegated foliage, make this a most delightful and healthy site for a Young Ladies' Academy. In case of sickness the Ladies administer, with the fondness of a mother, to the wants of the children committed to their charge. Unceasing care and vigilance render the superintendence and government complete. The system of education embraces every useful and ornamental branch suitable for Young Ladies

Terms:

Board and Tuition per annum, $130, payable half-yearly in advance. From this rule there will be no deviation.

Day Scholars, per quarter	$10 00
Day Scholars dining at the Academy, per quarter	15 00
Use of Piano, per quarter	8 00
Stationery, per annum	8 00
Washing	20 00
Physician's Fees	3 00

Postage charged to parents. Each pupil will pay on entrance for use of Bed, &c., five dollars.

Music, Drawing, Painting, and the Languages, excepting French, form extra charges. As French enters into the usual course of instruction, peculiar attention is given to form the pupils to a correct and elegant style of writing in it, as well as in their own language. Peculiar attention will also be paid to plain and ornamental needlework. No deduction will be made for a pupil withdrawn before the expiration of a term except for cogent reasons.

The Scholastic year will begin on the first Monday of September, and end in the month of July. Pupils are admitted at any time during the year. There will be an extra charge of fifteen dollars for pupils who remain during the vacation.

The pupils are permitted to receive visits only from their parents, or from such as are formally authorized by them.

For further particulars apply to

ag28 tf THE LADY SUPERIOR.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THE Annual Session commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June. The pension for Board and Tuition in the Classical Course is $150 00

The pension for Board and Tuition in the English and Commercial Course is 135 00

French, Spanish, German and Drawing, each, 20 00

Music 40 00

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

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Under the Direction of the Christian Brothers.

Children received from seven years of age and upwards.

TO raise up youth in the fear and love of God, and in that respect and submission which they owe to their parents; to train them to the knowledge and practice of our holy religion; to form them to the social duties of life, and prepare them for honorable pursuits in their future career, is the object of this Institution. A vigilant and fatherly care, united with a firm though mild discipline; a plan of school exercises adapted to the age and ability of the pupils, whereby instruction is conveyed in a pleasant and agreeable manner; a judicious distribution of time between study and recreation; a good, wholesome and sufficient diet; proper in and out-door exercises; all these and other important advantages are to be met with in the Academy. Tending as they do to the moral, intellectual, and physical development of the future man, they have not failed through the past to endear the Institution to its inmates, who find therein the salutary influences of school discipline, blended with the sweets of home. The location is a healthy one, and of easy access from the city of New York.

The building, originally large and commodious, has been made still more so by late improvements of various kinds.

Board and Washing, Tuition, use of School Books, Stationery and Library, $180 per annum.

Payments made semi-annually in advance.

The Academic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September and terminating on the 1st of August.

The following branches are taught according to the learner's age and capacity, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, the French language, Vocal Music, and Drawing.

EXTRA BRANCHES.

The Spanish and German languages are taught, and lessons given on the Piano, Violin, Flute, &c., to those whose parents or guardians desire it. For each of these respectively there is an extra charge. (No extra charge for French or Drawing.)

For further particulars apply personally or by letter to THE BROTHER SUPERIOR,

sep4 tf At the Academy.

ST. MARY'S SELECT SCHOOL,

CORNER CHICAGO AVENUE AND CASS STREET,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

THE Course of Instruction will embrace the various elementary as well as the higher branches of a finished education. French and German taught by natives. Special attention paid to the morals, health, and deportment of the pupils. Music, Drawing, Useful and Ornamental Needlework, and Fancy Work of every description form part of the regular course.

oct9 tf

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

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BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has the warm approval and recommendation of the Rev. Pastor ag29 tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

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TIN PLATE AND SHEET IRON WORKERS,

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Slate and Metal Roofing, Tin Roofs and Leaders Repaired and Painted in the Best Manner.

TIN CASES MADE TO ORDER.

Stoves Lined with Brick; Cleaned, Repaired and Put Up. Jobbing done at the Shortest Notice.

sep5 1y

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AN Analytical, Physiological, and Practical system for the cultivation of the voice. By CARLO BASSINI. Edited by R. STORRS WILLIS. Price, complete, $4. Abridged, $2 50.

The special attention of teachers, and all persons interested in the study and practice of vocal music, is respectfully called to this new and valuable work.

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Particular attention paid to manufacturing Clocks for Towers, Church Steeples, Watchmakers' Regulators, Railroad Stations, Banks, Schools, Watchmen's Detectors for Factory, &c. dec18 tf

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WITHOUT PREPARATION.

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mar18 1y Manufacturing Stationers, New York.

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"OLD BLACK STAR LINE"

OF

NEW YORK & LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

40 Fulton st., N. Y., and 115 Waterloo road, Liverpool.

1859.

PASSAGE to and from the Old Country, by this Old Established Line, at the lowest possible rates, sailing from Liverpool for New York on the 8th and 24th of each month, now comprised of the following first class ships:

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Australia,	2,000	Guy Mannering,	2,000
Bridgewater	2,000	J. A. Westervelt,	2,000
Belle Wood,	2,000	John Bright,	2,000
Chancellor,	2,200	Constitution,	2,000
Cultivator,	2,000	Resolute (New),	2,000
Cynosure,	2,000	Robert Kelly,	1,500
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The Ships of this Line are unsurpassed by any in the service; they have been built expressly for the trade, are noted for their quick passages, their accommodations are all that could be desired, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line. Such passengers as decline coming out, the full amount paid for them will be promptly refunded.

Provisions of the best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Beef, Pork, Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

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Ships.	*Tons.*	*Ships.*	*Tons.*
Emerald Isle,	2,500	Wm. Tapscott,	2,200
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Passengers forwarded to the Western States and Canada at the lowest possible rates as usual.

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These ships are mostly new—having been built expressly for the Line—with superior accommodation for passengers—sailing punctually as advertised, and make remarkably short passages, and bringing out all our passengers promptly; and if they decline coming out, the passage money will be returned, as usual, without deduction.

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The Cheapest and Best Article ever used:

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Try it one month, and if you do not like it, return it, and we will refund the price paid. Thousands have been put up on these terms, and not one dollar has been asked for as yet.

Price, for a full-sized Bed Bottom of 48 Springs, $10. All other sizes at the same rate. A liberal discount on large sales. oct23 3m

MISCELLANEOUS.

ACTUALLY ASTONISHING

Are the effects of

JEROME'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER.

Which will restore gray hair to its original color, and cause it to grow where it has fallen off and become thin.

IT IS NOT A DYE,

And is perfectly harmless.

PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Read this home testimony:

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JOSEPH W. HAYES:—Dear Sir—I have used the Jerome's hair color restorer prepared by you, and can recommend it as a very superior article. I had used only one bottle when my hair was restored to its former color and vigor. I have also noticed its effects on persons to whom I recommended it, and in every case it has the effect desired. I am desirous that you should make use of this letter, to induce others to use the restorer. Truly yours,

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Corner of Fulton avenue and Cumberland street.

Sold in New York by Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street; Barnes & Park, 13 and 15 Park row; Ring, 192 Broadway; Guion, 127 Bowery; Sands, 100 Fulton street; in Brooklyn by Mrs. Hayes, 175 Fulton street; Philadelphia, by Swayne & Son, No. 8 North Seventh street; Boston, by Spaulding, 27 Tremont row. Address orders to JOS. W. HAYES, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ap17 1y

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Watches and Jewelry of entirely New and Beautiful Styles; also,

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Watches cleaned and repaired in the best manner by the finest London and Geneva workmen.

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COFFEE ROASTED AND GROUND FOR GROCERS.

☞ Mills and Factory, Jersey City.

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mar5 6m N. J. BUSHE.

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Splendid Bathing Rooms, and a fine Barber's Shop is attached to the House. Attendance prompt in every department. dec18 tf yzm

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JOHN W. HEALY.
mar20 tf 111 Bowery, near Grand street, N. Y

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J. McL. most respectfully informs his old patrons and the public in general, that he has added to his business Gas Fitting in all its branches. An assortment of Gas Chandeliers, Brackets, Pendants, Mantel Ornaments, and a general assortment of the latest style of Gas Fixtures, always on hand.

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Dealer in Real Estate and General Land Agent,

Saint Paul, M. T.,

WILL Buy and Sell Land, Locate Land Warrants, Enter Government Lands, Collect, Pay Taxes, and attend to all business appertaining to his profession. Particular attention paid to furnishing information to **Catholic Settlers.** jan31

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AND

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NEW YORK,

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CLERGYMEN, RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS, Colleges, Schools, &c., &c., to his large variety of THEOLOGICAL, SCHOOL, DEVOTIONAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. Also to his NEW IMPORTATIONS of

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OSTENSORIUMS, SANCTUARY LAMPS, CHALICES, CIBORIUMS, CRUETS, CANDLESTICKS, CRUCIFIXES, GONGS, CHIMES, BREAD IRONS, ALTAR CARDS,

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320 Pages, Beautifully Illustrated.

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Indian Pudd'g 6c	Peach Pie.....6c	Pumpkin Pie.6c

Brandy, Wine, Porter, Ale, &c.
Lodgings, 25 cents per night. Open at all hours.
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CORPORATION DOCKS, PIERS, AND SLIPS TO BE LEASED AT AUCTION.—Notice is hereby given that several of the docks, piers, and slips belonging to the Corporation, will be leased on bids at public auction on TUESDAY, April 19, 1859, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the City Hall, for the term of five years. A catalogue containing the number and location, and also the terms and conditions of sale, may be had at this office, (basement of City Hall.) Maps will also be shown of the Corporation wharves and piers. By order of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

ROBT. T. HAWS, Comptroller.
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
ap2 tf NEW YORK, March 19, 1859.

TO LET, to a respectable couple, without children, or an old gentleman and lady, who lives on their money, nice apartments, in the house with the owner, and no other family. Apply at 57 East Twenty-seventh street, near Lexinton avenue, round the corner from Dr. Cumming's Church. ap2 3t

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Sailing from New York and Liverpool 6th and 21st of every month.

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Sailing from New York and London every alternative Thursday.

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Ships.*	*Captains.*
Aurora,	Bunting.	Cor. Grinnell,	Spencer.
American Union,	Hubbard.	Plymouth Rock,	Hammond
New World,	Knight.	Amer. Congress,	Mather.
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Constantine,	Macoduck	Patrick Henry,	Moore.
Liverpool,	Kearney.	Christiana,	Monk.
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For further information apply to
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CITY OF BALTIMORE.....Saturday, April 23
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THE next departure from New York will be the Steamship PACIFIC, Captain THOMPSON, on THURSDAY, April 14th, touching at St. John's, N. F., to receive the royal mails. Prices of passage: First class, $90; Second, $50; Third, $30, including free tickets to all the principal cities on railway routes in Great Britain. Third class must provide plate, knife, fork, &c., and bedding. Passage to St. John's: First class, $35; Second, $25. For freight or passage, inquire of the American Express Company, No 61 Hudson, and at their other advertised offices in the interior. Passage in the third class can be secured at any of the above offices to bring persons out from any of the principal cities on the lines of railway in Great Britain for $35, or from Galway for $30.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
ALEX. HOLLAND, Manager.
NEW YORK, Nov. 13, 1858. nov27 tf

Information Wanted.

Of KATE and MARY WELSH, of Kilmaganey, county Kilkenny, Ireland, which place they left fourteen years ago, and landed at Quebec, Canada; their sister, Letitia Walsh, is now in New York, and wishes to find them. Address Mr. Hays, Heraldry Office, 649 Broadway, New York. ap9 1t

Of BERNARD LYNCH, or his wife, whose maiden name was O'DONNELL, natives of the parish of Innishowen, county of Donegal, Ireland; are supposed to reside at present in New York or Brooklyn. Any information concerning them will be thankfully received by Edward O'Donnell, U. S. A., Fort Duncan, Texas. ap9 tf

Of the whereabouts of Mrs. LETITIA HARRIS, and Mrs. ELIZA JOHNSON (or their children), daughters of the late James Selden Young, of New Orleans. Parties knowing their address will greatly oblige by sending said information to Mrs. H. W. B., care of Mr. Sadlier, TABLET Office, 164 William street, New York City.

☞ New Orleans papers please copy. mar26 tf

Of FRANCIS SWEENEY, a native of Ireland, who came to this country in 1852; when last heard from was in Chillicothe, Ohio. His brother, Wm. Sweeney, who is now in delicate health, would be thankful for any information respecting him. Address William Sweeney, grocer, Marshall, Michigan. mar26 tf

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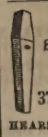

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